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THE  
GEORGICS  
OF  
VIRGIL.

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Printed by S. Conant,  
Little Green Street, Holborn.



THE  
GEORGE  
OF  
VIRGINIA

Printed by S. GOSNELL,  
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

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THE

GEORGICS

OF

VIRGIL K

TRANSLATED:

BY

WILLIAM SOTHEY, ESQ.

F.R.S. AND A.S.S.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1800.

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THE  
GEORGICS

VIRGIL



LONDON:  
J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, RUGBY.

1800.



TO THE

REV. WILLIAM HOWLEY, A.M.

FELLOW OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WINTON.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE I gratify my own feelings, by thus publicly dedicating to you the following version of *THE GEORGICS*, and add, that it has stood the test of your criticism, I am not without fear, that to those who are acquainted with your taste and attainments in literature, I may seem to have consulted rather my own reputation, than the sentiments of disinterested friendship. You, however, cannot be mistaken in the genuine motives of this address; and, on that account, it is unnecessary for me to repeat the assurance of my regard and affection.

LONDON,  
*Seymour Place,*  
May 15, 1800.

WILLIAM SOTHEYBY.

PRELACE

REV. WILLIAM HOWLEY, A.M.

FELLOW OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WINSTON

To the Right Hon. the Lords of the Council, and the Members of the House of Commons

My Lords, My Hon. Friends, and Gentlemen,

W HILE I write my own feelings, I am fully conscious that I am not writing for myself alone, but for the many who will read my work. I am fully conscious that I am not writing for myself alone, but for the many who will read my work.

In other poems and ditties of pleasure, it is of less difficulty to bring a man's own sense to his own rhyme; than in this kind of translation to enforce his rhyme to the necessity of another man's meaning.

THOMAS TWYNE, 1584.—Pref. to Transl. of Virgil's *Æneids*.

of the translation in the Latin original. I may seem to have attained to the same end, but I have not. I have not attained to the same end, but I have not. I have not attained to the same end, but I have not.

WILLIAM SOUTHEY

LONDON

Printed by J. JOHNSON, Strand

in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

PREFACE.

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To offer to the Public, without apology, another version of THE GEORGICS, after several translations by authors of no mean reputation, and particularly by Dryden and Warton, would argue a disregard of their merits, and an arrogance, which I wholly disclaim. On their defects, if any, it becomes not me to descant; but rather to acknowledge their respective excellencies, which it has been my endeavour to imitate. For the grace, the spirit, and dignity of the versification of the most harmonious of our poets in the last century, combined with the learning, the refined taste, and correct judgment of the most eminent of our critics in the present, could alone have conveyed to the English reader an adequate sense of the perfection of the Latin original \*.

\* I cannot, on this occasion, deny myself the gratification of expressing my sense of the general merit of the justly celebrated version of the Georgics, by the Abbé de Lille.



That, with these sentiments of the difficulty of the execution, I should have ventured on the work, may justly subject me to the severity of criticism; to which I shall silently submit, from the consciousness, that the version, which I now offer to the Public, has not been lightly undertaken, nor negligently laboured,

and by authors of no mean reputation; and particularly by Dryden and Warton, would argue a disregard of their merits, and an avowance of their defects. On their defects, I wholly decline to say, it becomes not me to decant, but rather to acknowledge their respective excellences, which it has been my endeavour to imitate. For the grace, the spirit, and dignity of the version of the most harmonious of our poets in the last century, combined with the learning, the refined taste, and correct judgment of the most eminent of our critics in the present, could alone have conveyed to the English reader an adequate sense of the perfection of the Latin original.\*

\* I cannot on this occasion deny myself the gratification of expressing my sense of the general merit of the justly celebrated version of the *Georgics*, by the Abbe de Lalle.

\*\*\* The ARGUMENTS have been extended, in order to mark the connexion of the parts in each Georgic, and may, perhaps, in some measure, answer the purpose of a brief commentary on the original.

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As whatever Notes I might have annexed would have consisted, almost entirely, of selections from former publications of easy purchase, the scholar is referred to Heyne's Latin Commentary, and the English reader to the ample and judicious remarks in Professor Martyn's edition of the Georgics.

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edition of the Georgia.



ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK

GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

#### ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Virgil begins the Poem by propounding the subjects of his four Books: Agriculture, Planting, the Breeding of Cattle, and the Management of Bees. After invoking every rural Deity, he particularly calls on Augustus Cæsar to favour his attempt. He now opens the peculiar subject of the First Book by pointing out the proper seasons for ploughing—He advises the husbandman to acquire a previous knowledge of different soils and climates, of the prevailing modes of cultivation, and of the productions suited to each country: and of these he gives several examples—He then resumes the subject, and mentions the seasons best adapted for the ploughing either of rich or of poor soils—Recommends that the ground should lie fallow, or be refreshed by change of crops, or manure—that the stubble should be burnt for the melioration of the soil; and that the ground be duly prepared by frequent ploughing and harrowing—He now enters on the subject of sowing, and advises, that, immediately after that process, the clods be carefully broken, and the land artificially overflowed—He then proceeds to the growth of the corn, and recommends the feeding down of its rank luxuriance—He now mentions several circumstances prejudicial to agriculture, and attributes them to the will of Jove—This remark easily leads to a digression on the golden and silver ages—He then describes the origin of agriculture, and the instruments employed in it—shows how to form a judgment of the ensuing harvest, and how to medicate and select the seeds—He then marks the connexion between Agriculture and Astronomy, which points out the different seasons for sowing different grains—From this connexion he likewise introduces the description of the annual course of the sun, and of the singular varieties occasioned by the position of the poles—He further evinces the utility of astronomical knowledge—enumerates several works to be performed in the rainy season, and what are lawful on festivals—gives an account of fortunate and unfortunate days—what works best suited to the night—what to the day, both in summer and winter—From winter he naturally remarks on the stormy seasons, the latter end of spring, and the commencement of autumn—describes a storm in autumn—and shows how to avoid such calamities by a diligent observation of the heavens, and worship of the Gods, chiefly Ceres—Then he enumerates various

prognostics of the weather—those of bad weather—those of fine weather—Further prognostics from the sun and moon—He begins with the latter—continues the subject by predictions drawn from the rising and setting of the sun—These prepare the way for a digression on the prodigies that followed the death of Julius Cæsar, and predicted the horrors of the civil wars—And he concludes with vows for Augustus, under whose government alone the world could be restored to peace and order.



## GEORGICA.

### LIBER PRIMUS.

V. 1—15.

QUID faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram  
Vertere, Mæcenas, ulmisque adjungere vites,  
Conveniat; quæ cura bouum, qui cultus habendo  
Sit pecori; apibus quanta experientia parcis;  
Hinc canere incipiam. Vos, o clarissima mundi  
Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,  
Liber, et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus  
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ,  
Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miscuit uvis;  
Et vos, agrestum præsentia numina, Fauni,  
Ferte simul, Faunisque, pedem, Dryadesque puellæ.  
Munera vestra cano. Tuque o, cui prima frementem  
Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti,  
Neptune; et cultor nemorum, cui pingua Cææ  
Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci;

# GEORGICS.

## BOOK I.

### VERSE 1—16.

WHENCE joyful harvests spring, what heav'nly sign  
Invites the plough, and weds to elms the vine;  
How flocks and herds by kindly nurture thrive,  
And sage experience stores the frugal hive;  
I sing.—Ye lights of heav'n! whose sov'reign sway  
Leads on the year around th' ethereal way:  
Bacchus and Ceres! if beneath your reign  
Earth chang'd Chaonian mast for golden grain,  
And the new grape's uncultur'd vintage gave  
To mix its sweets with Achelöüs' wave;  
Ye, too, whose gifts my votive numbers guide,  
Fauns and fair Dryads that o'er swains preside;  
Thou! whose dread trident shook the womb of earth,  
And loos'd the steed, that neighing sprung to birth;  
Guardian of woods! whose herds, a snowy train,  
Browse the rich shrubs that shade the Cæan plain;

Ipse, nemus linquens patrium saltusque Lycæi,  
Pan, ovium custos, tua si tibi Mænala curæ,  
Adsis, o Tegeæ, favens; oleæque Minerva  
Inventrix; uncique puer monstrator aratri;  
Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum;  
Dique, deæque omnes studium quibus arva tueri,  
Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges,  
Quique satis largum coelo demittitis imbrem,

Tuque adeo, quem mox quæ sint habitura deorum  
Concilia incertum est; urbesne invisere, Cæsar,  
Terrarumque velis curam, et te maximus orbis  
Auctorem frugum tempestatumque potentem  
Accipiat, cingens maternâ tempora myrto:  
An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautæ  
Numina sola colant; tibi serviat ultima Thule;  
Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis:  
Anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,  
Quà locus Erigonen inter Chelasque sequentes



God of the fleece, whom grateful shepherds love,  
Oh! leave thy native haunt, Lycæus' grove;  
And if thy Mænalus yet claim thy care,  
Hear, Tegeæan Pan! th'invoking pray'r.  
Pallas! whose voice the olive rais'd; and thou,  
Fam'd youth, inventor of the crooked plough!  
Sylvanus! waving high, in triumph borne,  
A sapling cypress with its roots upturn;  
Oh come, protectors of the land! descend;  
Each God, and Goddess, at my call attend,  
Who rear new fruits that earth spontaneous yields,  
Or feed with prosperous show'rs the cultur'd fields.

Thou, Cæsar, chief, where'er thy voice ordain  
To fix 'mid gods thy yet unchosen reign—  
Wilt thou o'er cities stretch thy guardian sway,  
While earth and all her realms thy nod obey?  
The world's vast orb shall own thy genial pow'r,  
Giver of fruits, fair sun, and fav'ring show'r;  
Before thy altar grateful nations bow,  
And with maternal myrtle wreath thy brow;  
O'er boundless ocean shall thy pow'r prevail,  
Thee her sole lord the world of waters hail!  
Rule, where the sea remotest Thule laves,  
While Tethys' dow'rs thy bride with all her waves.  
Wilt thou 'mid Scorpius and the Virgin rise,  
And, a new star, illumine thy native skies?

Panditur; ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens  
Scorpius, et cœli justâ plus parte relinquit:  
Quidquid eris (nam te nec sperent tartara regem,  
Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dirâ cupido,  
Quamvis elysios miretur Græcia campos,  
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem),  
Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue coeptis;  
Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes,  
Ingredere, et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.

Vere novo, gelidus canis quum montibus humor  
Liquitur, et zephyro putris se gleba resolvit,  
Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratro  
Ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.  
Illa seges demum votis respondet avari  
Agricolæ, bis quæ solem, bis frigora sensit;  
Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes.

At prius ignotum ferro quàm scindimus æquor,  
Ventos et varium cœli prædiscere morem  
Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,  
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.  
Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ;  
Arborei fetus alibi, atque injussa virescunt

Scorpius, e'en now, each shrinking claw confines,  
And more than half his heav'n to thee resigns.  
Where'er thy reign (for not, if hell invite  
To wield the sceptre of eternal night,  
Let not such lust of dire dominion move  
Thee, Cæsar, to resign the realm of Jove:  
Though vaunting Greece extol th' Elysian plain,  
Whence weeping Ceres woos her child in vain)  
Breathe fav'ring gales, my course propitious guide,  
O'er the rude swain's uncertain path preside;  
Now, now invoc'd, assert thy heav'nly birth,  
And learn to hear our pray'rs, a God on earth.

When first young Zephyr melts the mountain snow,  
And Spring unbinds the mellow'd mould below,  
Press the deep plough, and urge the groaning team  
Where the worn shares 'mid opening furrows gleam.  
Lands, o'er whose soil maturing time has roll'd  
Twice summer's heat, and twice the wintry cold,  
Profuse of wealth th' insatiate swain repay,  
And crown with bursting barns his long delay.

Ere virgin earth first feel th' invading share,  
The genius of the place demands thy care:  
The culture, clime, the winds, and changeful skies,  
And what each region bears, and what denies.  
Here golden harvests wave, there vineyards glow,  
Fruit bends the bough, or herbs unbidden grow—



Gramina. Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores,  
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi,  
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaue Pontus  
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?  
Continuò has leges æternaque fœdera certis  
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore primùm  
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem;  
Unde homines nati, durum genus. Ergo age, terræ  
Pingue solum, primis extemplo a mensibus anni,  
Fortes invertant tauri, glebasque jacentes  
Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus æstas.  
At, si non fuerit tellus fecunda, sub ipsum  
Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulcò;  
Illic, officiant lætis ne frugibus herbæ;  
Hic, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arenam.

Alternis idem tonsas cessare novales,  
Et segnem patiēre situ durescere campum;  
Aut ibi flava seres, mutato sidere, farra,  
Unde priùs lætum siliquâ quassante legumen,  
Aut tennes fetus vicæ, tristisque lupini  
Sustuleris fragiles calamos silvamque sonantem.

Her saffron, Tmolus, Ind her ivory boasts,  
Spice wings the gale round Saba's balmy coasts :  
The naked Chalybes their iron yield,  
The pow'rful Castor scents the Pontic field,  
While fam'd Epirus rears th' equestrian breed,  
Born for the palm that crowns th' Olympic steed.  
In stated regions, from th' eternal Cause,  
Such Nature's compact, and unbroken laws ;  
Such from the time when first Deucalion hurl'd  
The stones that peopled the deserted world :  
Whence a new race arose upon the earth,  
Hard as the stubborn flint that gave them birth.

Come, when new Spring first claims the timely toil,  
Break with laborious steers the generous soil,  
And give the sun through many a summer day  
To bake the clod, and feed with ripening ray ;  
But in light furrows turn th' unfertile ground  
When slow Arcturus wheels his lingering round :  
There, lest rude weeds should choke the rising grain,  
And here, scant moisture fail the sandy plain.

Alternate fallows rest th' exhausted earth,  
And gradual fit the soil for future birth ;  
Or sow with golden corn the furrow'd clod,  
Where the bean harvest burst the shatter'd pod,  
Or the light vetch, and bitter lupine grew,  
Bow'd to the gale, and rattled as it blew.

Urit enim lini campum seges, urit avenæ,  
Urunt lethæo perfusa papavera somno.  
Sed tamen alternis facilis labor; arida tantum  
Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola, neve  
Effetos cinerem immundum jactare per agros.  
Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fetibus arva;  
Nec nulla interea est inaratæ gratia terræ.

Sæpè etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,  
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:  
Sive inde occultas vires et pabula terræ  
Pinguia concipiunt; sive illis omne per ignem  
Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor;  
Seu plures calor ille vias et cæca relaxat  
Spiramenta, novas veniat quæ succus in herbas;  
Seu durat magis, et venas astringit hiantes,  
Ne tenues pluvix, rapidivæ potentia solis  
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.

Multùm adeo rastris glebas qui frangit inertes,  
Vimineasque trahit crates, juvat arva; neque illum  
Flava Ceres alto nequidquam spectat olympos;  
Et qui proscisso quæ suscitât æquore terga  
Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,  
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.



Oats and the flaxen harvest burn the ground,  
And poppies shedding slumb'rous dews around.  
Yet shall thy lands from these at pleasure rear  
Abundant harvests each alternate year,  
If rich manure fresh life and nurture yield,  
And ashes renovate th' exhausted field.  
Thus lands in grateful interchange repose,  
And wealth unseen beneath the fallow grows.

Much it avails to burn 'mid sterile lands  
Light stubble crackling as the flame expands;  
Whether the heat long-latent nurture raise,  
Or genial salts collect beneath the blaze:  
Or where corruption lurk'd 'mid humours crude,  
Imprison'd damps before the flame exude:  
Whether it force through many an opening vein  
Juice to fresh plants that clothe anew the plain,  
Or brace the pores that pervious to the day  
Felt the prone sun's intolerable ray,  
To piercing show'rs th' expanded fissure close,  
And the chill north that blisters as it blows.

Th' obdurate glebe with frequent harrow break,  
Rous'd to new life each crumbling clod awake,  
Plough o'er and o'er, on toil redoubling toil,  
With sidelong furrow cross the furrow'd soil,  
Command the fields, exert despotic sway,  
Pursue thy triumph, and bid earth obey:

Humida solstitia atque hiemes orate serenas,  
Agricolæ; hiberno lætissima pulvere farra,  
Lætus ager: nullo tantùm se Mysia cultu  
Jactat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes.

Quid dicam, jacto qui semine comminus arva  
Insequitur, cumulosque ruit malè pinguis arenæ;  
Deinde satis fluvium inducit rivosque sequentes;  
Et, quum exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,  
Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam  
Elicit? illa cadens raucum per levia murmur  
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.  
Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus aristas,  
Luxuriem segetum tenerâ depascit in herbâ,  
Quum primùm sulcos æquant sata? quique paludis  
Collectum humorem bibulâ deducit arenâ,  
Præsertim incertis si mēsisibus amnis abundans  
Exit, et obducto latè tenet omnia limo,  
Unde cavæ tepido sudant humore lacunæ?

Nec tamen, hæc quum sint hominumque boumque  
labores  
Versando terram experti, nihil improbus anser,

So shall the Gods their gifts profusely show'r,  
And Ceres' smile o'erpay each anxious hour.

Swains ! pray for wintry dust, and summer rain ;  
Then smile the verdant mead, and golden plain :  
More rich the crop on Mysia's fertile fields,  
And Gargarus wonders at the wealth he yields.

Him shall I praise, who o'er the new-sown earth  
Crumbles the clods that hide th' entrusted birth,  
Freshens with streams that at his pleasure glide,  
And leads their rills that wind from side to side ?  
'Mid gasping herbs when fever'd Nature dies,  
Lo ! on yon brow whence bubbling springs arise,  
The peasant bending o'er th' expanse below  
Directs the channel'd waters where to flow :  
Down the smooth rock melodious murmurs glide,  
And a new verdure gleams beneath the tide.

Him shall I praise, who, lest th' o'erloaded ear  
Shed with prone stem the promise of the year,  
Feeds down its rank luxuriance when the blade  
Waves level with the ridge its rising shade ;  
Or who, 'mid doubtful months, and flooding rains,  
Down the dry sand th' o'erflowing marshes drains,  
When oozy rivers far and wide expand,  
And issuing vapours smoke along the land ?

Yet when the sturdy swain and patient steer  
Have tam'd the land by many a toil severe ;



Strymoniaëque grues, et amaris intuba fibris,  
Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi  
Haud facilem esse viam voluit; primusque per artem  
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,  
Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;  
Ne signare quidem aut partiri limite campum  
Fas erat: in medium quærebant; ipsaque tellus  
Omnia liberiùs, nullo poscente, ferebat.  
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,  
Prædarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri,  
Mellaque decussit foliis, ignemque removit,  
Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit;  
Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes  
Paulatim, et sulcis frumenti quæreret herbam;  
Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.  
Tunc alnos primùm fluvii sensere cavatas;  
Nayita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,  
Pleïadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton:

Oft noxious geese and the Strymonian crane  
Waste with voracious bill the plunder'd grain,  
Or succory spreads beneath its bitter root,  
Or gadding branches kill th' o'ershadow'd fruit.

Not to dull Indolence and transient Toil  
Great Jove resign'd the conquest of the soil :  
He sent forth Care to rouse the human heart,  
And sharpen genius by inventive art :  
Nor tamely suffer'd earth beneath his sway  
In unproductive sloth to waste away.  
Ere Jove bore rule, no labour tam'd the ground,  
None dar'd to raise the fence, or mark the bound ;  
Nature to all, her fruits profusely bore,  
And the free earth, unask'd, but gave the more.  
Jove to the serpent fang new venom gave,  
Commanded wolves to prowl, and swell'd the wave,  
From leaves their honey shook, conceal'd the fire,  
And bad free streams, that flow'd with wine, retire ;  
Jove will'd, that use, by long experience taught,  
Should force out various arts by gradual thought,  
Strike from the flint's cold womb the latent flame,  
And from the answering furrow nurture claim.  
Then first the hollow'd alder prest the stream,  
And sailors watch'd each star's directing beam,  
Number'd the host of heav'n, and nam'd the train,  
Pleiads, and Hyads, and the northern Wain ;

Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,  
Inventum, et magnos canibus circumdare saltus;  
Atque alius latum fundâ jam verberat amnem,  
Alta petens; pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.  
Tum ferri rigor, atque argutæ lamina serræ;  
(Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum:)  
Tum variæ venere artes; labor omnia vicit  
Improbis, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram  
Instituit, quum jam glandes atque arbusta sacræ  
Deficerent silvæ, et victum Dodona negaret.  
Mox et frumentis labor additus; ut mala culmos  
Esset rubigo, segnisque horreret in arvis  
Carduus: intereunt segetes; subit aspera silva,  
Lappæque tribulique; interque nitentia culta  
Infelix Iolium et steriles dominantur avenæ.  
Quod nisi et assiduis terram insectabere rastris,  
Et sonitu terrebris aves, et ruris opaci  
Falce premes umbras, votisque vocaveris imbrem,  
Heu! magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum,  
Concussâque famem in silvis solabere quercu.

Dicendum, et quæ sint duris agrestibus arma,  
Queis sine nec potuere seri nec surgere messes:



Then snares, and lime, the beast and bird betray'd,  
And deep-mouth'd hounds enclos'd the forest glade;  
Light meshes lash'd the stream with circling sweep,  
And weighted nets descending dragg'd the deep;  
Then iron, and the saw's shrill-grating edge,  
Eas'd the rude efforts of the forceful wedge;  
Thus rous'd by varied wants new arts arose,  
And strenuous Labour triumph'd at its close.

First pitying Ceres taught the famish'd swain  
With iron shares to turn the stubborn plain,  
What time the arbut fail'd, and fail'd the food  
Shower'd from the oak along Dodona's wood.  
New cares the corn pursu'd: here mildew fed,  
There thistles rear'd aloft their horrent head:  
The harvest perishes; with prickles crown'd,  
The burr and caltrop bristle all around:  
Their baleful growth wild oats and darnel rear,  
And tow'r in triumph o'er the golden ear.  
Haste then; the earth with restless harrow wear,  
With ceaseless shout the feather'd plunderers scare,  
Lop each o'ershadowing branch with timely stroke,  
And genial show'rs from fav'ring heav'n invoke,  
Or thou, on crops not thine, shalt gaze in vain,  
And, fed from shaken oaks, sad life sustain.

Now learn what arms industrious peasants wield,  
To sow the furrow'd glebe, and clothe the field:

Vomis, et inflexi primùm grave robur aratri,  
Tardaque Eleusinæ matris volventia plaustrâ,  
Tribulaque, trahæque, et iniquo pondere ratri;  
Virgea præterea Celei vilisque supellex,  
Arbutæ crates, et mystica vannus Iacchi;  
Omnia quæ multò antè memor provisâ repones,  
Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.

Continuò in silvis magnâ vi flexa domatur  
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.  
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,  
Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso.  
Cæditur et tilia antè jugo levis, altaque fagus  
Stivæ, quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos:  
Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.

Possum multa tibi veterum præcepta referre,  
Ni refugis, tenuesque piget cognoscere curas.

Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro,  
Et vertenda manu, et cretâ solidanda tenaci,  
Ne subeant herbæ, neu pulvere vieta fatiscat;  
Tum variz illudant pestes: sæpè exiguus mus  
Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit;  
Aut oculis capti fodère cubilia talpæ;

The share, the crooked plough, the rolling wain  
That drags along slow Ceres to her fane :  
Hurdle, and sled, and harrow's heavy load,  
And mystic van the symbol of a God.  
These wise provide, if aught of rural fame,  
Or labours lov'd of Heav'n, thy breast inflame.

Form'd for the crooked plough, by force subdu'd,  
Bend the tough elm yet green amid the wood :  
Beyond eight feet in length the beam extend,  
With double back the pointed share defend,  
Double the earth-boards that the glebe divide,  
And cast the furrow'd ridge on either side ;  
But light the polish'd yoke of linden bough,  
And light the beechen staff that turns the plough.  
These long suspend, where smoke their strength explores,  
And seasons into use, and binds their pores.

Nor thou the rules, our fathers taught, despise,  
Sires by long practice and tradition wise.

With ponderous roller smooth the level floor,  
And bind with chalky cement o'er and o'er ;  
Lest springing weeds expose thy want of art,  
And worn in many a chink the surface part :  
There builds the field-mouse underneath the ground,  
And loads her little barns with plunder crown'd ;  
There works the mole along her dark abode,  
There in its hollow lurks the lonely toad,



Inventusque cavis bufo, et quæ plurima terræ  
 Monstra ferunt; populatque ingentem farris acervum  
 Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectæ.

Contemplator item, quum se nux plurima silvis  
 Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentes:  
 Si superant fetus, pariter frumenta sequentur,  
 Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore:  
 At, si luxuriâ foliorum exuberat umbra,  
 Nequidquam pingues paleâ teret area culmos.

Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serentes,  
 Et nitro prius et nigrâ perfundere amurcâ,  
 Grandior ut fetus siliquis fallacibus esset;  
 At, quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent,  
 Vidi lecta diu et multo spectata labore  
 Degenerare tamen, ni vis humana quot annis  
 Maxima quæque manu legeret: sic omnia fatis  
 In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.  
 Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
 Remigiis subigit; si brachia fortè remisit,  
 Atque illum in præceps pronò rapit alveus amni.

Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,  
 Hædorumque dies servandi, et lucidus Anguis,

There wastes the weevil with insatiate rage,  
There the wise ant that dreads the wants of age,  
And all the nameless monsters of the soil,  
That swarm and fatten on thy gather'd spoil.

With many a bud if flow'ring almonds bloom,  
And arch their gay festoons that breathe perfume,  
So shall thy harvest like profusion yield,  
And cloudless suns mature the fertile field:  
But if the branch, in pomp of leaf array'd,  
Diffuse a vain exuberance of shade,  
So fails the promise of th' expected year,  
And chaff and straw defraud the golden ear.

Though steep'd in nitrous juice and oily lees,  
And seeth'd o'er gentle fires by slow degrees,  
Oft have I seen the temper'd seeds deceive,  
And o'er the treacherous pod the peasant grieve:  
Save where slow patience, o'er and o'er, again,  
Cull'd yearly one by one the largest grain;  
So all, forc'd back by Fate's resistless sway,  
To swift destruction falls and sad decay.  
Thus, if th' unwearied oar, that boldly plied  
By ceaseless struggles scarcely stemm'd the tide,  
Once, once relax, wild eddies onward sweep,  
And whirl the wretch amid th' o'erwhelming deep.

Nor less intent, Arcturus' train behold,  
The Kid's bright beams, and Dragon's lucid fold,

Quàm quibus in patriam ventosa per æquora vectis  
Pontus et ostriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.

Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas,  
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem,  
Exercete, viri, tauros, serite hordea campis,  
Usque sub extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem.  
Nec non et lini segetem et Cereale papaver  
Tempus humo tegere, et jam dudum incumbere rastris,  
Dum siccâ tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.

Vere fabis satio : tum te quoque, medica, putres  
Accipiunt sulci, et milio venit annua cura,  
Candidus auratis aperit quum cornibus annum  
Taurus, et averso cedens Canis occidit astro.

At si triticeam in messẽm robustaque farra  
Exercebis humum, solisque instabis aristis ;  
Antè tibi Eoæ Atlantides abscondantur,  
Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella Coronæ,  
Debita quàm sulcis committas semina, quàmque  
Invitæ properes anni spem credere terræ,  
Multi ante occasum Maiæ cœpere : sed illos  
Expectata seges vanis elusit aristis.

Si verò viciamque serēs vilemque faselum,  
Nec Pelusiæ curam aspernabere lentis ;  
Haud obscura cadens mittet tibi signa Bootes :  
Incipe, et ad medias sementem extende pruinas.



Than the bold crew that sweep the Euxine o'er,  
And through Abydos seek their native shore.

When poising Libra rest and labour weighs,  
And parts with equal balance nights and days,  
Goad, goad the steer, the barley seed enclose,  
Till winter binds the ground in dead repose.  
When dry the glebe, beneath the genial earth  
Hide the young flax, and poppy's future birth,  
And urge the harrow while the clouds impend,  
And tempests gather, ere the rains descend.

When Taurus' golden horns the year unbar,  
And Sirius "'gins to pale" his yielding star,  
Then beans and lucerne claim the mellow soil,  
And millet springing from thy yearly toil.

But if thy labour from the cultur'd plain  
Exact rich wheat, strong spelt, and bearded grain,  
Trust not the furrow, nor with lavish haste  
The promise of the year untimely waste,  
Before the Pleiads from the dawn retire,  
Or Ariadne gleams with matin fire.  
Swains, who, ere Maia sets, cast forth the seed,  
Mourn o'er delusive crops their fruitless speed.

But if Pelusian lentils clothe the plain,  
Nor thou th' unvalued bean and vetch disdain,  
Wait till Boötes' lingering beams descend,  
And 'mid hoar frosts thy patient toil extend.

Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem  
Per duodena regit mundi sol aureus astra  
Quinque tenent cœlum zonæ; quarum una corusco  
Semper sole rubens et torrida semper ab igni:  
Quam circum extremæ dextrâ lævâque trahuntur  
Cæruleâ glacie concretæ atque imbris atris:  
Has inter mediamque, duæ mortalibus ægris  
Munere concessæ divûm; via secta per ambas,  
Obliquus quâ se signorum verteret ordo.  
Mundus, ut ad Scythiam Rhipæasque arduus arces  
Consurgit, premitur Libyæ devexus in austros.  
Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis: at illum  
Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Manesque profundi.  
Maximus hîc flexu sinuoso elabitur Anguis  
Circûm, perque duas in morem fluminis Arcos,  
Arcos oceani metuentes æquore tingi.  
Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox,  
Semper et obtentâ densentur nocte tenebræ;  
Aut redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit;  
Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,  
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Hinc tempestates dubio prædiscere cœlo  
Possumus, hinc messisque diem, tempusque serendi;

For this the golden sun the earth divides,  
And, wheel'd thro' twelve bright signs, his chariot guides.  
Five zones the heav'n surround : the centre glows  
With fire unquench'd, and suns without repose :  
At each extreme the poles in tempest tost  
Dark with thick show'rs, and unremitting frost :  
Between the poles and blazing zone confin'd  
Lie climes to feeble man by Heav'n assign'd.  
'Mid these the signs their course obliquely run,  
And star the figur'd belt that binds the sun.  
High as at Scythian cliffs the world ascends,  
Thus low at Libyan plains its circle bends.  
Here heav'n's bright lustre gilds our glowing pole,  
There gloomy Styx, and Hell's deep shadows roll :  
Here the huge Snake in many a volume glides,  
Winds like a stream, and either Bear divides,  
The Bears that dread their flaming lights to lave,  
And slowly roll above the ocean wave.  
There night, eternal night, and silence sleep,  
And gathering darkness broods upon the deep :  
Or from our clime, when fades the orient ray,  
There bright Aurora beams returning day :  
And when above Sol's fiery coursers glow,  
Late Vesper lights his evening star below.

Experience hence the doubtful storm divines,  
Seed-time and harvest marks by prescient signs ;



Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor  
Conveniat ; quando armatas deducere classes,  
Aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum.  
Nec frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus,  
Temporibusque parem diversis quatuor annum.

Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,  
Multa, forent quæ mox cœlo properanda sereno,  
Maturare datur : durum procudit arator  
Vomeris obtusi dentem ; cavat arbore lintres ;  
Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervis :  
Exacuunt alii vallos furcasque bicornes,  
Atque Amerina parant lentæ retinacula viti :  
Nunc facilis rubeâ texatur fiscina virgâ ;  
Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxa.

Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus  
Fas et jura sinunt : rivos deducere nulla  
Religio vetuit, segeti prætere saxum,  
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,  
Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri :  
Sæpè oleo tardi costas agitator aselli  
Vilibus aut onerat pomis ; lapidemque revertens  
Incusum, aut atræ massam picis, urbe reportat.

When, best with cautious hand along the shore  
In treacherous seas to ply the guardian oar,  
Or launch the freighted navy 'mid the flood,  
Or fell the season'd pine that crown'd the wood.

Thus observation reads the starry sphere,  
And fourfold parts, as seasons change, the year.  
Th' industrious peasants, shelter'd from the show'r,  
To timely profit turn each leisure hour ;  
Mature the works that tire th' impatient hand,  
When fairer skies far other cares demand ;  
Scoop troughs from trees, or mark each hoarded heap,  
Or head the two-horn'd forks, or brand the sheep ;  
Point the sharp stake, or edge the blunted share,  
For flexile vines the willowy wreath prepare,  
Light baskets weave with pliant osier twin'd,  
Now parch the grain, and now with millstones grind.

E'en 'mid high feasts to holy leisure giv'n  
Earth claims a part, nor fears offended Heav'n.  
Go forth ; the Gods permit, thy ditches drain,  
Fire the wild thorns, and fence the rising grain,  
Ensnare the plundering birds, and timely lave  
The bleating flock beneath the wholesome wave :  
Then oft the swain each balanc'd panier loads,  
And the slow ass beneath his burden goads,  
Brings pitch and millstones home for barter'd oil,  
And fruit, cheap produce of his native soil.

Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine luna  
Felices operum. Quintam fuge; pallidus Orcus,  
Eumenidesque satæ; tum partu Terra nefando  
Cœumque Iapetumque creat, sævumque Typhœa,  
Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres:  
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam  
Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum;  
Ter pater exstructos disjecit fulmine montes.  
Septima post decimam felix et ponere vitem,  
Et pressos domitare boves, et licia telæ  
Addere: nona fugæ melior, contraria furtis.

Multa adeo gelidâ meliùs se nocte dedere,  
Aut quum sole novo terras irrorat Eoüs:  
Nocte leves meliùs stipulæ, nocte arida prata,  
Tondentur; noctes lentus non deficit humor.  
Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignes  
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspicat acuto:  
Interea longum cantu solata laborem,  
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas,



Nor less the lunar orb with prescient ray  
Marks for each varying work th' appropriate day.  
Avoid the fifth, then pallid Orcus rose,  
And Furies brooding stern o'er human woes ;  
Then, with dire labour rent, the womb of Earth  
Pour'd forth her offspring of gigantic birth,  
Cæus, Iapetus, Typhœus bold,  
And kindred bands against the Gods enroll'd ;  
Thrice with enormous strength the rebels strove,  
Rock pil'd on rock, to scale the throne of Jove,  
On Pelion Ossa upheave, and firmly rest  
Olympus pois'd on Ossa's towering crest.  
Jove gaz'd indignant as the structure grew,  
And, thund'ring, thrice the mountain mass o'erthrew.  
Seventh from the tenth, the hours propitious shine,  
To weave, to tame the steer, and plant the vine ;  
Fair guides the ninth the wanderer on his way,  
While robbers dread the inauspicious ray.

The night to many a work advantage yields,  
Nor less the dawn that gems with dew the fields ;  
By night o'er arid meads the swathe pursue,  
And mow the stubble glittering o'er with dew.  
While some o'er wintry hearths, the livelong night,  
Point the sharp torch beneath th' unsteady light,  
The housewife sooths late toil with many a song,  
Her whirling shuttle shoots the loom along,

Aut dulcis musti vulcano decoquit humorem,  
Et foliis undam trepidi despumat aheni.

At rubicunda ceres medio succiditur æstu,  
Et medio tostas æstu terit area fruges.

Nudus ara, sere nudus : hiems ignava colono.

Frigoribus parto agricolæ plerumque fruuntur,  
Mutuaque inter se læti convivia curant.

Invitat genialis hiems, curasque resolvit :

Ceu pressæ quum jam portum tetigere carinæ,  
Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas.

Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus,  
Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaque myrta ;

Tum gruibus pedicas, et retia ponere cervis,  
Auritosque sequi lepores, tum figere damas,

Stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera fundæ,

Quum nix alta jacet, glaciem quum flumina trudunt.

Quid tempestates autumnii et sidera dicam ?

Atque, ubi jam breviorque dies et mollior æstas,

Seeths the sweet must, the trembling caldron skims,  
And sweeps with wavy leaf its frothy brims.

But reap beneath the sun thy golden wheat,  
And tread the ear in noontide's sultry heat.

Alone bleak Winter's unproductive reign  
Rests the long labours of the wearied swain.

Then the gay hind unlocks his hoarded store,

Piles social feasts, and jests the goblet o'er;

The genial time invites; th'elastic mind

Springs from its load, and leaves its cares behind,

Thus, reckless of the sea's tempestuous roar,

Gay shouts the sailor on his native shore,

Decks his moor'd ship with many a votive flow'r,

And laughs, unmindful of the future hour.

Yet, not regardless of the wintry food,

Then gather acorns from the leafless wood,

Fruits that the olive and the bay supply,

And myrtle-berries stain'd with sanguine dye;

Then toil the struggling stags, then cranes ensnare,

Press round her tainted maze the list'ning hare;

And whirl the Balearic sling around,

And pierce the distant doe with flying wound,

When winter hides the world with gather'd snows,

And the clogg'd river freezes as it flows.

Why should I mark each storm, and starry sign,  
When milder suns in Autumn swift decline?



Quæ vigilanda viris, vel quum ruit imbriferum ver,  
 Spicea jam campis quum messis inhorruit, et quum  
 Frumenta in viridi stipulâ lactentia turgent?  
 Sæpè ego, quum flavis messorum induceret arvis  
 Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hórdea culmo,  
 Omnia ventorum concurrere prœlia vidi,  
 Quæ gravidam latè segetem ab radicibus imis  
 Sublimè expulsam eruerent; ita turbine nigro  
 Ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulasque volantes.  
 Sæpè etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,  
 Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris  
 Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,  
 Et pluviâ ingenti sata læta boumque labores  
 Diluit; implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt;  
 Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.  
 Ipse pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ  
 Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu  
 Terra tremit, fugère fera, et mortalia corda  
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti  
 Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia tælo  
 Dejicit; ingeminant austri et densissimus imber;  
 Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora, plangunt!

Or what new cares await the vernal hour,  
 When Spring descends in many a driving show'r,  
 While bristle into ear the bearded plains,  
 And the green stalk distends its milky grains?  
 E'en in mid Autumn, while the jocund hind  
 Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,  
 Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,  
 And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,  
 Waste far and wide, and, by the roots uptorn,  
 The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne,  
 While in dark eddies, as the whirlwind past,  
 The straw and stubble flew before the blast.  
 Column on column prest in close array,  
 Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,  
 Heav'n pour'd in torrents rushes on the plain,  
 And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain;  
 The dikes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,  
 Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:  
 The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crown'd,  
 Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.  
 The beasts are fled: earth rocks from pole to pole,  
 Fear walks the world, and bows th' astonish'd soul:  
 Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,  
 Or Athos blazing 'mid eternal snow.  
 The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,  
 Smite the hoarse wood, and lash the howling wave.

Hoc metuens, cœli menses et sidera serva,  
Frigida Saturni sese quò stella receptet,  
Quos ignis cœli Cyllenius errèt in orbes.

In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnæ  
Sacra refer Cœleri, lætis operatus in herbis,  
Extremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno :  
Tunc agni pingues, et tunc molliissima vina,  
Tunc sômnî dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ.  
Cuncta tibi Cœlerem pubes agrestis adoret ;  
Cui tu lacte favos et miti diluè baccho ;  
Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges,  
Omnis quam chorus et socii comitentur ovantes,  
Et Cœlerem clamore vocent in tecta : neque ante  
Falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristis,  
Quàm Cœleri, tortâ redimitus tempora quercu,  
Det motus incompositos, et carmina dicat.

Atque hæc ut certis possimus discere signis,  
Æstusque pluviasque et agentes frigora ventos,  
Ipse pater statuit quid menstrua luna monerèt,  
Quo signo caderent austri, quid sæpè videntes  
Agricolæ propiùs stabulis armenta tenerent.

Continuò, ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti  
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis



Preventful of the storm, with prescient view  
The monthly signs and nightly orbs pursue,  
Whither cold Saturn's lingering star retires,  
Or swift Cyllenius shifts his wandering fires.

But, chief, with frequent pray'r the Gods implore,  
And Ceres, chief, with annual feasts adore;  
When Winter flies, and Spring new robes the ground,  
When mild the wine, and lambkins gaily bound,  
When sweet to slumber on the grass reclin'd  
Where the thick foliage murmurs to the wind;  
The sky her temple, and the turf her shrine,  
Her pure libation, honey, milk, and wine;  
Let the long choir with shouting pomp proceed,  
And thrice round teeming fields the victim lead:  
Nor let a blade beneath the sickle fall,  
Till to their roofs the swains the Goddess call,  
Rude rustic carols to her praise resound,  
And, wreath'd with oak, in untaught measures bound.

At Jove's behest unerring signs disclose  
Rain, and fierce heat, and tempests swoln with snows:  
Jove bade the moon along her varying way  
Mark by foreboding change the coming day;  
When gales should lull, and when th' experienc'd swain  
From distant range his shelter'd herd restrain.

Lo! to the gathering storm, amid the deep  
The troubled ocean swells its billowy sweep,

Montibus audiri fragor, aut resonantia longè  
Littora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere nymur.  
Jam sibi tum curvis malè temperat unda carinis,  
Quum medio celeres revolant ex æquore mergi,  
Clamoremq; ferunt ad littora; quumque marinæ  
In sicco ludunt fulicæ; notasque paludes  
Deserit atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.  
Sæpè etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis  
Præcipites cœlo labi, noctisque per umbram  
Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus;  
Sæpè levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas,  
Aut summâ nantes in aquâ colludere plumas.  
At Boreæ de parte trucis quum fulminat, et quum  
Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus; omnia plenis  
Rûra natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto  
Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber  
Obfuit: aut illum surgentem vallibus imis  
Aëriz fugêre grues; aut bucula, cœlum  
Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras;

Loud rings the crash upon the mountain brow,  
Hoarse murmurs mingle from the shores below,  
And ceaseless rustling of each woodland vale  
Sighs to the horrors of the rushing gale.  
High toss the ships, when screaming cormorants sweep  
Along the shore, and leave th' untasted deep,  
When sea-coots hastening back with wanton wing  
Skim round the beach in many a sportive ring,  
And hems voracious quit their finny prey,  
Dart through the clouds, and wing their viewless way.

Oft shalt thou see, ere brooding storms arise,  
Star after star glide headlong down the skies,  
And, where they shot, long trails of lingering light  
Sweep far behind, and gild the shades of night ;  
Oft the fall'n foliage wing its airy way,  
And floating feathers on the water play,  
When lightning flashes from the northern pole,  
From east to west when thunders widely roll,  
The deluge pours, and, fearful of the gale,  
The conscious seaman furls his dripping sail.  
Not unforeseen the showery tempests rage ;  
Earth, ocean, air, the gradual storm presage.  
The crane beneath his flight sees clouds arise,  
Folds his ærial wing, and downward flies ;  
The heifers gaze aloft where vapours sail,  
And with wide nostril drink the distant gale ;



Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo ;  
Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.  
Sæpius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova  
Angustum formica terens iter ; et bibit ingens  
Arcus ; et e pastu decedens agmine magno  
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.  
Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quæ Asia circum  
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,  
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores,  
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,  
Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.  
Tum cornix plenâ pluviam vocat improba voce,  
Et sola in siccâ secum spatiaturs arenâ.  
Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ  
Nescivere hiemem, testâ quum ardente viderent  
Scintillare oleum et putres concreescere fungos.

Nec minùs ex imbri soles et aperta serena  
Prospicere, et certis poteris cognoscere signis :  
Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur ;  
Nec fratris radiis obnoxia surgere luna ;  
Tenuia nec lanæ per coelum vellera ferri ;  
Non tepidum ad solem pennas in littore pandunt  
Dilectæ Thetidi alcyones ; non ore solutos

The twittering swallow skims the pool around ;  
Along the marshes croaking frogs resound ;  
Ants, as from secret cells their eggs they bear,  
Each following each, the track continuous wear ;  
The vast bow drinks ; and, rustling on the wing,  
The crows beneath their plumes wide darkness fling.  
Then shalt thou view the birds that haunt the main,  
Or where Cayster floods the Asian plain,  
Dash forth large drops that down their plumage glide,  
Dance on the billows, dive beneath the tide,  
In gay contention dip their wings in vain,  
And prelude, as they sport, th' impending rain :  
But o'er dry sands the raven stalks alone,  
Swells her full voice, and calls the tempest down.  
Nor yet unconscious of the threatening gloom  
The virgin labours o'er the nightly loom,  
When sputtering lamps flash forth unsteady fire,  
And round th' o'erloaded wick dull flames expire.

Nor less, 'mid show'rs, propitious signs display  
Returning sunshine, and unclouded day ;  
Then 'mid refulgent stars the orb of night  
Seems like a sun to shed unborrow'd light :  
Then nor the rack across the ether driv'n  
Silters with fleecy cloud the face of heav'n,  
Nor Halcyons, lov'd of Thetis, haunt the strand,  
And to the sun their glittering plumes expand ;

Immundi meminere sues jactare maniplos.  
At nebulæ magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt;  
Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo  
Nequidquam seros exercet noctua cantus,  
Apparet liquido sublimis in aëre Nisus,  
Et pro purpureo pœnas dat Scylla capillo;  
Quâcumque illa levem fugiens secat æthera pennis,  
Ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras  
Insequitur Nisus; quâ se fert Nisus ad auras,  
Illa levem fugiens raptim secat æthera pennis.  
Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces  
Aut quater ingeminant; et sæpè cubilibus altis,  
Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti,  
Inter se in foliis strepitant; juvat, imbris actis,  
Progeniem parvam dulcesque revisere nidos.

Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis  
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major:  
Verùm, ubi tempestas et cœli mobilis humor  
Mutavere vias, et juppiter uvidus austris  
Denset erant quæ rara modò, et quæ densa relaxat,  
Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus  
Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat,  
Concipiunt: hinc ille avium concentus in agris,  
Et lætæ pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi.

Si verò solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentes  
Ordine respicies, numquam te crastina fallet



Nor swine the stubble toss : but dark and deep,  
Low on the plain incumbent vapours sweep ;  
And the lone owl, that eyes the setting ray,  
Pours from her tow'r in vain the nightly lay.  
Lo ! Nisus soars aloft through liquid air,  
And claims sad vengeance for his purple hair :  
Where with stretch'd wing swift Scylla cuts the skies,  
Behind, on rustling plume, fierce Nisus flies :  
And where swift Nisus tow'rs, her forward flight  
Darts far away, and cleaves th' aërial height.  
Hush'd their hoarse pipe, and prest to clearer notes,  
Rooks to redoubled echoes strain their throats ;  
Oft, wild with rapture, on the woodland height  
Mingle the murmur of confus'd delight,  
Sport in the leaves, and joy, the tempest o'er,  
To see their brood and happy nest once more.

Prescient they sing, yet not from wisdom giv'n  
By fate or Jove to know the will of Heav'n :  
But still through Nature's vast and varied range,  
The air's vicissitudes, and season's change,  
New instincts sway, and their inconstant mind  
Shifts with the clouds, and varies with the wind :  
Hence frisk the kine, mirth swells the woodland notes,  
And rooks exulting strain their gurgling throats.

If, mindful of the sun's revolving speed,  
And moons, that, mov'd in order'd course, succeed,

Hôra, neque insidiis noctis capiere serenæ.  
Luna revertentes quum primùm colligit ignes,  
Si nigrum obscuro comprehenderit aëra cornu,  
Maximus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber;  
At, si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,  
Ventus erit; vento semper rubet aurea Phœbe:  
Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)  
Pura, neque obtusis per cœlum cornibus ibit,  
Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo  
Exactum ad mensem, pluvîâ ventisque carebunt;  
Votaque servati solvent in littore nautæ  
Glaucô et Panopæ et Inoo Melicertæ.

Sol quoque, et exoriens, et quum se condet in undas,  
Signa dabit: solem certissima signa sequuntur,  
Et quæ manè refert, et quæ surgentibus astris.

Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum  
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe,  
Suspecti tibi sint imbres: namque urget ab alto  
Arboribusque satisque Notus pecorique sinister.  
Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese  
Diversi rumpent radii, aut ubi pallida surget  
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile;

No treacherous signs announce th' expected day,  
Nor faithless nights shall flatter and betray.  
If, when the moon renews her gather'd fires,  
Hid in black clouds her sullen horn retires,  
Dark o'er the wasted earth, and stormy main,  
In torrents drives the congregated rain.  
Or if with virgin blush young Cynthia blaze,  
Tempestuous winds succeed the golden rays;  
But if (unerring sign) the orb of night  
Clear wheel through heav'n her fourth increasing light,  
Rain nor rude blast shall vex that hallow'd day,  
And thus the month shall glide serene away,  
While rescu'd sailors on their native shore  
With votive gifts each ocean God adore.

Alike, with orient beams, or western rays,  
The sun, that ne'er deceives, each change displays:  
Sure signs, that cannot err, the sun attend,  
At day's first dawn, or when the stars ascend.

When many a spot his rising lustre shrouds,  
Half-hid the disk beneath a veil of clouds,  
Thick from the South the gathering deluge sprung,  
Foams the strown corn, and herds, and woods among.  
If dull at morn with many a scatter'd beam  
Through vapourous haze the light obscurely gleam,  
Or if Aurora lift her mournful head,  
And with pale aspect leave Tithonus' bed,



Heu ! malè tum mites defendet pampinus uvas,  
 Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.

Hoc etiam, emenso quum jam decedet olympo,  
 Profuerit meminisse magis ; nam sæpè videmus  
 Ipsius in vultu varios errare colores :  
 Cæruleus pluviam denuntiat, igneus euros,  
 Sin maculæ incipient rutilo immiscerier igni,  
 Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbisque videbis  
 Fervere : non illâ quisquam me nocte per altum  
 Ire, neque a terrâ moneat convellere funem.  
 At si, quum referetque diem, condetque relatum,  
 Lucidus orbis erit ; frustra terrebere nimbis,  
 Et claro silvas cernes aquilone moveri.  
 Denique, quid Vesper serus vehat, unde serenâs  
 Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,  
 Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum  
 Audeat ? ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus  
 Sæpè monet, fraudemque et operata tumescere bella.

Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,  
 Quum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,  
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem :  
 Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et æquora ponti,  
 Obscenique canes, importunæque volucres,

In vain the leaf shall curl ripe clusters round,  
While rattling hailstones from the roof rebound.  
But chief observe along his western way  
Each hue that varies at the close of day.  
The rains descend, when dusky tints prevail;  
When red discolour, dread th' infuriate gale:  
If spots immingle streak'd with gleams of fire,  
Rain and fierce wind to vex the world conspire:  
That night my anchor'd bark shall sleep on shore,  
While loud and long the storms o'er ocean roar.  
But if the orb, at dawn that brightly rose,  
With radiant beam its course of glory close,  
Dread not the threat'ning clouds, their transient gloom  
Shall fly before the North's dispersing plume.  
Last, what late eve shall bring, what winds prevail;  
And all that Auster plans with humid gale,  
View, where the sun's prophetic signs display,  
Nor dare mistrust the God that gives the day.  
He, too, with frequent portent deigns presage  
Blind tumult, treasons, and intestine rage.  
He too, when Rome deplor'd dead Cæsar's fate,  
Felt her deep woe, and mourn'd her hapless state;  
What time in iron clouds he veil'd his light,  
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.  
Nor less dread signals shook the earth and wave,  
Birds of ill note, and dogs dire omens gave;

Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros  
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,  
Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere saxa !  
Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo  
Audiit ; insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes ;  
Vox quoque per lucos vulgò exaudita silentes  
Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris  
Visa sub obscurum noctis ; pecudesque locutæ,  
Infandum ! sistunt amnes, terræque dehiscunt ;  
Et mœstum illacrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant.  
Proluit insano contorquens vertice silvas  
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes  
Cum stabulis armenta tulit ; nec tempore eodem  
Tristibus aut extis fibræ apparere minaces,  
Aut puteis manare cruor cessavit, et altæ  
Per noctem resonare lupis ululantibus urbes.  
Non aliàs cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno  
Fulgura, nec diri toties arsere cometæ.

Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis  
Romanas acies iterum vidêre Philippi ;



How oft we view'd, along th' expanse below,  
Wide seas of fire down shatter'd Ætna flow,  
While globes of flame the red volcano threw,  
And fervid rocks that lighten'd as they flew !  
O'er all the sky, Germania heard afar  
The bray of arms that clang'd th' aërial war ;  
The Alpine regions of eternal snow  
Reel'd with unusual earthquakes to and fro :  
Shapes wondrous pale by night were seen to rove,  
And a loud voice oft shook the silent groves.  
Fix'd are the floods ; earth widely yawns below,  
And beasts, in human accents, murmur'd woe.  
The ivory weeps 'mid consecrated walls,  
Sweat in big drops from brazen statues falls ;  
Monarch of rivers, raging far and wide,  
Eridanus pours forth his torrent tide,  
Down the wide deluge whirls uprooted woods,  
And wastes the earth with desolating floods.  
That time nor ceas'd the wells with blood to flow,  
Nor spotted entrails ceas'd foreboding woe,  
Nor ceas'd loud echoes nightly to repeat  
The wolf's fierce howl along th' unpeopled street.  
Such lightnings never fir'd th' unclouded air,  
Nor comets trail'd so oft their blazing hair.  
For this in equal arms Philippi view'd  
Rome's kindred bands again in gore embu'd,

Nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro  
Emathiam et latos Hæmi pinguescere campos.  
Scilicet et tempus veniet quum finibus illis  
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,  
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,  
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.

Dî patrii indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater  
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana palatia servas,  
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo  
Ne prohibete ! satis jam pridem sanguine nostro  
Laomedontæ luimus perjuria Trojæ.  
Jam pridem nobis cæli te regia, Cæsar,  
Invidet, atque hominum queritur curare triumphos :  
Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas : tot bella per orbem :  
Tam multæ scelerum facies : non ullus aratro  
Dignus honos ; squalent abductis arva colonis,  
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem :  
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania, bellum :  
Vicinæ, ruptis inter se legibus, urbes

The Gods twice fed broad Hæmus with our host,  
 And bath'd with Roman blood th' Emathian coast.  
 There, after length of time, the peaceful swain  
 Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies slain,  
 Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,  
 And hollow helmets that clash beneath the share,  
 And 'mid their yawning graves amaz'd behold  
 Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.

Ye native Gods ! ye tutelary pow'rs  
 Of Tuscan Tiber, and the Roman tow'rs;  
 Thou Vesta ! and thou founder of our name,  
 Guide of our arms and guardian of our fame,  
 Oh ! let this youth a prostrate world restore,  
 Save a wreck'd age, and sooth to peace once more.  
 Enough, enough of blood already spilt  
 Sates vengeful Gods for Troy's perfidious guilt;  
 Already envious heav'ns, thee, Cæsar, claim,  
 And deem the earth subdu'd below thy fame;  
 Where, right and wrong in mad confusion hurl'd,  
 New crimes alarm, new battles thin the world.  
 None venerate the plough : waste Earth deplores  
 Her swains to slaughter dragg'd on distant shores;  
 Far, far they fall from their uncultur'd lands,  
 And scythes transform'd to falchions arm their hands;  
 Here mail'd Euphrates, there Germania bleeds,  
 Death neighb'ring towns to kindred slaughter leads;



Arma ferunt; sævit toto Mars impius orbe:

Ut, quum carceribus sese effudere, quadrigæ

Addunt in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

Mars arms the globe. Thus, steed provoking steed,  
 Bursts from the bars, and maddens in his speed ;  
 The guide, bent back, each wearied sinew strains,  
 On flies th' infuriate car, and mocks the starting reins.

Stars arms the globe. Thus, steel provoking steel,  
Bursts from the bars, and maddens in his speed;  
The guide, bent back, each wears a new seam,  
On flies the infuriate cat, and mocks the strutting rooster.

# GEORGICS

BOOK I.



ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

The Poet, after a brief recapitulation of the subject of the former Book, and a general notice of that of the present, on Planting, begins with an invocation to Bacchus, the patron of the vine. Then he mentions how trees are originally produced by nature, spontaneously, from seeds and suckers—Then, the various methods employed by human art—Suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cleft wood, and ingrafting—Having thus generally opened the subject, he invokes the assistance of Mæcenas. He now shows by what culture, trees of spontaneous growth may be meliorated—Then, the best methods of artificial culture, which he here concludes by a detailed description of inoculating and ingrafting—This leads him to an enumeration of several species of trees, and varieties of vines—He observes that different plants are the natural produce of different soils and situations, and that the world itself may be divided into regions distinguished by their respective vegetable productions—Of these he gives several examples, and concludes the remark by a description of the citron-tree of Media—This account of remarkable plants, the growth of foreign countries, prepares the way for a beautiful digression on the praises of Italy—He now resumes his remarks on soils, and mentions those best suited for olives, vines, pasture, and corn—then gives instructions by which the several soils may be ascertained—He enters now into a more particular detail of the culture of the vine, and on the different modes of planting a vineyard, either on hill, or plain—gives instructions relative to the depth of trenches—further precepts relative to vineyards, and a particular caution against the intermixture of the wild olive with them, lest its unctuous bark should accidentally catch fire, and destroy the whole plantation—This calamity most poetically described—He then gives instructions concerning the proper seasons for planting the vines, in autumn and spring; and digresses on the charms and utility of the spring—Further directions about layers, and of dunging, and placing stones and shells at the roots of the plants, of digging the beds, and of the propping and pruning of the vines—He now mentions the necessity of making hedges to defend the young plants from the cattle, particularly goats—This last circumstance leads to a digression on the sacrifices to Bacchus—He again insists on the ceaseless labour required in digging, dressing, and pruning the vine-

yard—To these toils he opposes the facility in the culture of the olive, and shows the benefits we derive from various useful plants, the free gifts of Nature—These, in many instances, he prefers to the vine, not unfrequently the cause of crimes and slaughter—Hence, in contrast to a scene of bacchic tumult, to the unquiet splendours of courts, and the vain pursuits of mankind, he expatiates on the advantages of philosophical studies, and on the innocence, security, and utility of a country life—and with this exquisite digression he concludes the Second Book.



# GEORGICA.

## LIBER SECUNDUS.

V. 1—13.

**H**ACTENUS arborum cultus et sidera cœli :

Nunc te, Bacche, canam, nec non silvestria tecum  
Virgulta, et prolem tardè crescentis olivæ.

Huc, pater o Lenæe; tuis hîc omnia plena  
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumnus  
Floret ager, spumat plenis vindemia labris;  
Huc, pater o Lenæe, veni, nudataque musto  
Tinge novo mecum dereptis crura cothurnis.

Principio, arboribus varia est natura creandis :  
Namque aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipsæ  
Sponte suâ veniunt, camposque et flumina late  
Curva tenent; ut molle siler, lentæque genestæ,  
Populus, et glaucâ canentia fronde salicæ.

## GEORGICS.

### BOOK II.

#### VERSE 1—16.

**T**HUS far of heav'nly signs, and cultur'd plains :  
Bacchus ! thy praise now claims the votive strains :  
With thee, I join each shrub, and woodland shoot,  
And olives slowly ripening into fruit.

Oh come, Lenzæan sire ! lo ! all around,  
Blest by thy bounty teems th' exulting ground :  
Through thee, dark clusters purple o'er the plain,  
And the preste vintage foams in every vein :  
Oh cast thy buskins off, thy votary join,  
Stain in new must thy limbs, and crush th' o'erflowing vine !

At first, by various ways, o'er hill and plain,  
Spontaneous woods cloth'd Nature's wild domain.  
Some rise at will, and with uncultur'd shade  
Fringe the wide streams, and darken all the glade ;  
There the tall poplar tow'rs, the broom extends,  
O'er her dank bed the pliant osier bends,

Pars autem posito surgunt de semine ; ut altæ  
Castaneæ, nemorumque Jovi quæ maxima frondet  
Æsculus, atque habitæ Graiis oracula quercus.  
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima silva ;  
Ut cerasis, ulmisque ; etiam Parnassia laurus  
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ.  
Hos natura modos primùm dedit ; his genus omne  
Silvarum fruticumque viret nemorumque sacrorum.

Sunt alii quos ipse viâ sibi reperit usus.  
Hic plantas tenero abscindens de corpore matrum  
Deposuit sulcis ; hic stirpes obruit arvo,  
Quadrifidasque sudes, et acuto robore vallos ;  
Silvarumque aliæ pressos propaginis arcus  
Exspectant, et viva suâ plantaria terrâ :  
Nil radicis egent aliæ ; summumque putator  
Haud dubitat terræ referens mandare cacumen.  
Quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu !  
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno ;



Aud azure willows lifting to the gale  
Turn their hoar leaf, that silvers o'er the vale.  
Some high in air from shatter'd seed arise;  
Hence the tall chesnut spreads her stately size,  
Huge æsculus o'ershadowing all the grove,  
And Grecian oaks that spoke the will of Jove.  
Here self-form'd forests sprouting from the root  
Crowd where thick elms and clustering cherries shoot,  
And the green bay, in pomp of leaf array'd,  
O'er the frail sucker spreads her parent shade.  
Thus varying nature first the desert crown'd,  
And shrub, and grove, and forest rose around.

By gradual use and long experience taught,  
Art a new race to fair perfection brought.  
Some from the tender mother's bleeding wound  
Slip the young shoot, and plant the furrow'd ground;  
Others, large sets in earth's deep bosom hide,  
Edge their sharp points, or, fourfold-split, divide:  
In arches, these within their native bed  
The living layers round their parent spread;  
These ask no root, and from the topmost spray  
Boldly the planters cut the sprout away,  
And, fearless of success, to earth once more  
The gadding twig, that wav'd in air, restore.  
In each cleft piece the olive lives again,  
Puts forth new roots, and clothes the wondering plain,

Et sæpè alterius ramos impunè videmus  
Vertere in alterius, mutataque insita mala  
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.

Quare agite, o, proprios generatim discite cultus,  
Agricolæ, fructusque feros mollitè colendo:  
Neu segnes jaceant terræ: juvat Ismara baccho  
Conserere, atque oleâ magnum vestire Taburnum.

Tuque ades, inceptumque unâ decurre laborem,  
O decus, o famæ meritò pars maxima nostræ,  
Mæcenâs, pelagoque volans da vela patenti.  
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto;  
Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,  
Ferreâ vox. Ades, et primi lege lictoris oram;  
In manibus terræ: non hic te carmine ficto,  
Atque per ambages et longa exorsa, tenebo.

Sponte suâ quæ se tollunt in luminis auras,  
Infecunda quidem, sed læta et fortia surgunt:  
Quippe solo natura subest. Tamen hæc quoque si quis  
Inserat, aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis,

And oft unhurt the trees transform'd assume  
Leaves not their own, and fruit of alien bloom;  
On the chang'd pear engrafted apples grow,  
And corneils redden o'er the plum below.

Learn then what arts each varying species suit,  
And tame by culturing skill the savage fruit:  
Bid bloom the waste, o'er Ismarus vineyards spread,  
And shade with olives bleak Taburnum's head.

And thou! propitious, o'er my course preside,  
Light of my life, my glory and my guide!  
Oh come, Mæcenas! fill th' adventurous sail,  
And breathe o'er opening seas the genial gale.  
Not mine the wish all nature to rehearse,  
And bound her wonders in the crowded verse:  
Not, though, at will, I mov'd an hundred tongues,  
And breath'd unnumber'd notes from iron lungs.  
Oh come! with cautious helm the coast explore,  
Guide with firm hand, and steer along the shore!  
Here no vain fable shall thy ear detain,  
Nor long preamble load the mazy strain.

Trees that spontaneous drink th' ethereal light,  
Unfruitful spring, yet flourish fair to sight;  
For nature, working in their vigorous bed,  
Gives the tall stem to rise, the branch to spread:  
But these transplanted, or by grafts reclaim'd,  
By culturing skill their savage nature tam'd,



Exuerint silvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti  
In quascumque voces artes haud tarda sequentur.  
Nec non et sterilis quæ stirpibus exit ab imis  
Hoc faciet, vacuos si sit digesta per agros:  
Nunc altæ frondés et rami matris opacant,  
Crescentique adimunt fetus, uruntque ferentem.

Jam quæ seminibus jactis se sustulit arbos  
Tarda venit, seris factura nepotibus umbram;  
Pomaque degenerant, succos oblita priores;  
Et turpes, avibus prædam, fert uva racemos.  
Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes  
Cogendæ in sulcum, ac multâ mercede domandæ.

Sed truncis oleæ meliùs, propagine vites,  
Respondent, solido Paphiæ de robore myrtus:  
Plantis et duræ coryli nascuntur, et ingens  
Fraxinus, Herculeæque arbos umbrosa coronæ,  
Chaoniiue patris glandes; etiam ardua palma  
Nascitur, et casus abies visura marinos.  
Inseritur verò et fetu nucis arbutus horrida;  
Et steriles platani malos gessere valentes;

Ere long with fair increase thy toil repay,  
And, train'd at pleasure, every call obey.  
Nor less, the steril shoots that droop'd on earth  
Beneath the spreading boughs that gave them birth,  
And o'er their languid head dark shadows threw,  
Nipt the pale fruit, and kill'd with poisonous dew,  
In open fields transpos'd fresh life inhale,  
And with new fragrance scent the vernal gale.

Slow grows from seeds the tree, and long delay'd  
For distant times reserves its sullen shade;  
Their former flavour lost, wild fruits decay,  
And birds unscar'd on grapes degenerate prey:  
All, all alike the nurturing trench require,  
Arts that improve, and toils that never tire.

Myrtles from boughs, from truncheons olives rise,  
The flexile layer fairest vines supplies;  
Lo! too from suckers hardy hazels born,  
Trees whose thick leaves th' Herculean brow adorn,  
The oaken forest of Chaonian Jove,  
The stately palm that tow'rs above the grove,  
Vast ash, and firs that from their mountain steep  
Rush 'mid the floods, and dare the stormy deep.

O'er the rough arbutë grafted walnuts spread  
Leaves not their own, and stranger blossoms shed;  
Luxuriant apples load the steril planes,  
The beech the chesnut's flowery pomp sustains,

Castaneæ fagus, ornusque incanuit albo  
Flore piri; glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.

Nec modus inserere, atque oculos imponere, simplex:  
Nam quâ se medio trudent de cortice gemmæ,  
Et tenues rumpunt tunicas, angustus in ipso  
Fit nodo sinus; huc alienâ ex arbore germen  
Includunt, udoque docent inolescere libro:  
Aut rursum enodes trunci resecantur, et altè  
Finditur in solidum cuneis via; deinde feraces  
Plantæ immittuntur: nec longum tempus, et ingens  
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,  
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Præterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,  
Nec salici, lotoque, nec Idæis cyparissis:  
Nec pingues unam in faciem nascuntur olivæ,  
Orchades, et radii, et amarâ pausia baccâ;  
Pomaeque, et Alcinoi silvæ; nec surculus idem  
Crustumiiis, Syriisquæ piris, gravibusque volemis.

Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia nostris,  
Quam Methymnæo carpit de palmite Lesbos:



Pears crown the mountain ash with silver wreath,  
And swine fall'n acorns craunch the elm beneath.

Experienc'd art by varying culture knows  
To graft the cion, or the bud enclose.

Where the swoln gem, in vernal vigour bold,  
Bursts through the bark, and breaks each yielding fold,  
Slit the mid knot, and, in the wound confin'd,

Teach the strange bud to wed the bleeding rind :

Or cut the knotless bole, and fix the spray

Where 'mid the wood deep wedges force their way.

Fill'd with new life, ere long the tree ascends,

And far and wide its branching pomp extends,

Waves its ærial brow, to heav'n aspires,

And its new leaves and foreign fruit admires.

A varying species varying elms supplies,

New willows wave, and other loti rise ;

Not one the cypress on th' Idæan height,

Nor one the olive swelling on the sight ;

Of changeful aspect, orchi, radii shoot,

And pausia noted for their bitter fruit.

Apples of varying flavour, form, and flow'r,

Deck'd with mix'd hues Alcinous' blooming bow'r.

How different ! Syrian, and Crustumian pears !

How bent the bough that vast Volemi bears !

Italia's hills far other vintage yield,

Than Lesbos gathers from Methymna's field.

Sunt Thasiæ vites, sunt et Mareotides albæ;  
Pinguibus hæ terris habiles, levioribus illæ:  
Et passo psithia utilior, tenuisque lageos  
Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam;  
Purpureæ, preciaque; et quo te carmine dicam,  
Rhætica? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.  
Sunt et Aminææ vites, firmissima vina,  
Tmolus et assurgit quibus, et rex ipse Phanæus;  
Argitisque minor, cui non certaverit ulla  
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.  
Non ego te, dīs et mensis accepta secundis,  
Transierim, Rhodia, et tumidis, bumaste, racemis.  
Sed neque quàm multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint,  
Est numerus; neque enim numero comprehendere refert:  
Quem qui scire velit, Libyei velit æquoris idem  
Discere quàm multæ zephyro turbentur arenæ;  
Aut, ubi navigiis violentior incidit eurus,  
Nosse quot Ionii veniant ad littora fluctus.

Nec verò terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt:  
Fluminibus salices, crassisque paludibus alni,  
Nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus orni;

Here Ægypt's silver grape rich mould demands,  
There Thasian clusters bloom in lighter lands.  
Dried in the sun-beams Psythian raisins glow,  
And staggering draughts from sharp lageos flow;  
Soon reels the foot beneath th' inebriate juice,  
And the chain'd tongue, confus'd, forgets its use.  
Here, purple clusters jocund earth-illumine,  
There, tendrils earliest wreath'd in vernal bloom.  
How shall I praise thee, boast of Rhætian hills?  
Alone Falernum richer juice distils.  
Proud Tmolus bows to Aminæan wines,  
And crown'd Phanæus' cluster'd brow inclines:  
And, far o'er all, the lesser Argite, fam'd  
For fullest flood by length of time untam'd.  
Nor be thou, Rhodian! lov'd of Gods, unsung,  
Or swelling clusters from Bumastus sprung.  
But vain the wish, th' imperfect labour vain,  
To rank their various tribes, or name the train.  
Go, number first th' innumerable sands  
Whirl'd by the western blast round Libyan lands;  
Or tell, when Eurus sweeps th' Ionian o'er,  
The multitudinous waves that lash the shore.

Not every soil each varying race supplies;  
Willows by streams, in marshes alders rise:  
Wild ashes wave bleak promontories o'er,  
Gay myrtles blossom on the sea-beat shore,



Littora myrtetis lætissima; denique apertos  
Bacchus amat colles, aquilonem et frigora taxi.

Adspice et extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,  
Eoasque domos Arabum, pictosque Gelonos.  
Divisæ arboribus patriæ: sola India nigrum  
Fert ebumum; solis est turea virga Sabæis.

Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno  
Balsamaque, et baccas semper frondentis acanthi?

Quid nemora Æthiopum molli canentia lanâ?  
Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres?

Aut quos oceano propior gerit India lucos,  
Extremi sinus orbis; ubi æra vincere summum  
Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ?

Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris.

Media fert tristes succos, tardumque saporem

Felicis mali, quo non præsentius ullum,

Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,

[Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,]

Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.

Ipsa ingens arbor, faciemque simillima lauro;

Et, si non aliū latè jactaret odorem,

Laurus erat: folia haud ullis labentia ventis;

Along the sunny uplands vineyards glow,  
And yews ascend 'mid tempests wing'd with snow.

The cultivated globe's far tenants trace,  
The Arabs here, there Scythia's painted race;  
Behold how Nature parts the varied earth,  
And bounds the regions by her sylvan birth:  
Lo! India's realm alone dark ebon bears,  
And incense floats on soft Sabæan airs:  
There trees weep balsam from the trickling wound,  
And here with berries green acanthus crown'd.  
Soft wool from downy groves the Æthiop weaves,  
And Seres comb their fleece from silken leaves.  
Say, shall I mark what woods gigantic wave  
O'er Indian seas that earth's last boundary lave,  
Where the spent shaft, from skilful Indians sped,  
Turns ere it strike the tree's ærial head?  
Nor be the citron, Media's boast, unsung,  
Though harsh its juice, and lingering on the tongue.  
When the drug'd bowl 'mid witching curses brew'd,  
Wastes the pale youth by stepdame hate pursu'd,  
Its powerful aid unbinds the mutter'd spell,  
And frees the victim from the draught of hell.  
Large, like the bay, and were its sweets the same,  
The tree itself had known no other name;  
Before the wind its leaves unscatter'd-play,  
The flow'rs unbroken blossom on the spray:

Flos apprima tenax : animas et olentia Medi  
Ora foveant illo, et senibus medicantur anhelis.

Sed neque Medorum, silvæ ditissima, terra,  
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,  
Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra, neque Indi,  
Totaque turiferis Panchaïa pinguis arenis.  
Hæc loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem  
Invertère, satis immanis dentibus hydri;  
Nec galeis densisque virûm seges horruit hastis:  
Sed gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor  
Implevere; tenent oleæ, armentaque læta,  
Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert;  
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus  
Victima, sæpè tuo perfusi flumine sacro,  
Romanos ad templâ deûm duxere triumphos,  
Hîc ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas;  
Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor.



Its fragrant scent relieves th' infected breath,  
And breast that pants beneath incumbent death.

Yet nor the Median groves, nor rivers, roll'd,  
Ganges, and Hermus, o'er their beds of gold,  
Nor Ind, nor Bactra, nor the blissful land  
Where incense spreads o'er rich Panchaia's sand,  
Nor all that fancy paints in fabled lays,  
Oh native Italy! transcend thy praise.  
Though here no bulls beneath th' enchanted yoke  
With fiery nostril o'er the furrow smoke,  
No hydra teeth embattled harvest yield,  
Spear and bright helmet bristling o'er the field;  
Yet golden corn each laughing valley fills,  
The vintage reddens on a thousand hills,  
Luxuriant olives spread from shore to shore,  
And flocks unnumber'd range the pastures o'er.  
Hence the proud war-horse rushes on the foe,  
Clitumnus! hence thy herds, more white than snow,  
And stately bull, that, of gigantic size,  
Supreme of victims on the altar lies,  
Bath'd in thy sacred stream oft led the train  
When Rome in pomp of triumph deck'd the fane.  
Here Spring perpetual leads the laughing Hours,  
And Winter wears a wreath of summer flow'rs :  
Th' o'erloaded branch twice fills with fruits the year,  
And twice the teeming flocks their offspring rear.

At ravidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum  
Semina; nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes;  
Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto  
Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.  
Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,  
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,  
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.  
An mare quod suprâ memorem, quodque alluit infrâ?  
Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime, teque,  
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino?  
An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra,  
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,  
Julia quâ ponto longè sonat unda refuso,  
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis?

Hæc eadem argenti rivos ærisque metalla  
Ostendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.  
Hæc genus acre virûm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,  
Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos,  
Extulit; hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,  
Scipiadas duros bello, et te, maxime Cæsar,  
Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris  
Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum,

Yet here no lion breeds, no tiger strays,  
No tempting aconite the touch betrays,  
No monstrous snake th' uncoiling volume trails,  
Or gathers orb on orb his iron scales.  
But many a peopled city tow'rs around,  
And many a rocky cliff with castle crown'd,  
And many an antique wall whose hoary brow  
O'ershades the flood that guards its base below.  
Say, shall I add, enclos'd on either side,  
What seas defend thee, and what lakes divide?  
Thine, mighty Larius? or, with surging waves,  
Where, fierce as ocean, vext Benacus raves?  
Havens and ports, the Lucrine's added mole,  
Seas that enrag'd along their bulwark roll,  
Where Julian waves reject th' indignant tide,  
And Tuscan billows down Avernus glide?  
Here brass and silver ores rich veins expose,  
And pregnant mines exhaustless gold enclose.  
Blest in thy race, in battle unsubdu'd  
The Marsian youth, and Sabine's hardy brood,  
By strenuous toil the bold Ligurians steel'd,  
And spear-arm'd Volsci that disdain to yield:  
Camilli, Marii, Decii swell thy line,  
And, thunderbolts of war, each Scipio, thine!  
Thou Cæsar! chief, whose sword the East o'erpow'rs,  
And the tam'd Indian drives from Roman tow'rs,



Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virûm : tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis  
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;  
Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Nunc locus arborum ingeniis : quæ robora cuique,  
Quis color, et quæ sit rebus natura ferendis.  
Difficiles primùm terræ, collesque maligni,  
Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumosis calculus arvis,  
Palladiâ gaudent silvâ vivacis olivæ.  
Indicio est, tractu surgens oleaster eodem  
Plurimus, et strati baccis silvestribus agri.  
At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine læta,  
Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,  
Qualem sæpè cavâ montis convalle solemus  
Dispicere ; huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes,  
Felicemque trahunt limum ; quique editus austro,  
Et filicem curvis invisam pascit aratris :  
Hic tibi prævalidas olim multoque fluentes  
Sufficiet baccho vites ; hic fertilis uvæ,  
Hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,  
Inflavit quum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,  
Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta,

All hail, Saturnian earth ! hail, lov'd of fame,  
Land, rich in fruits, and men of mighty name !  
For thee I dare the sacred founts explore,  
For thee, the rules of ancient art restore,  
Themes, once to glory rais'd again rehearse,  
And pour through Roman towns th' Acraean verse.

Now learn the strength and colour of the fields,  
What varying fruits their varying nature yields.  
Know first, th' ungenial hill, and barren land,  
Where steril beds of hungry clay expand,  
And thorns and flints deface the rugged earth,  
Demand the long-liv'd plants, Palladian birth.  
Wild olives there from many a wanton shoot  
Show'r the rude berry and uncultur'd fruit.  
But fertile land, by genial moisture fed,  
Where the thick herbage mats th' exuberant bed,  
Land, such as wanderers on the mountain brow  
View in the shelter'd vale that smiles below,  
O'er whose green bosom many a lively rill  
Rich nurture streams from each o'erhanging hill :  
And plains that to the south their upland turn,  
And rear, abhorr'd by ploughs, th' unfruitful fern ;  
There shall large grapes on crowded clusters grow,  
Wines that to gods from golden bowls o'erflow,  
When the swoln Tuscan pipes th' invoking strain,  
And bending chargers smoke before the fane.

Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,  
Aut fetus ovium, aut urentes culta capellas;  
Saltus et saturi petito longinqua Tarenti,  
Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,  
Pascentem niveos herboso flumine cynos.  
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina, deerunt;  
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,  
Exiguâ tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.

Nigra ferè, et presso pinguis sub vomere terra,  
Et cui putre solum (namque hoc imitatur arando),  
Optima frumentis; non ullo ex æquore cernes  
Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra juvencis:  
Aut unde iratus silvam devexit arator,  
Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,  
Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis  
Eruit: illæ altum nidis petiere relictis;  
At rudis enituit impulso vomere campus.

Nam jejuna quidem clivosi glareæ ruris  
Vix humiles apibus casias roremque ministrat;



Do tender lambs thy pastoral care invite,  
Kine with their calves, or wanton kids delight?  
Seek far Tarentum's glades and fertile shores,  
And plains which hapless Mantua still deplores,  
Where silver swans along the Mincio glide,  
And crop the herbage that o'erhangs the tide.  
There, as thy flocks slow wind along the vale,  
No blade shall wither, and no fountain fail,  
Cool dews restore beneath night's transient hours  
All that thy herd each livelong day devours.

For wheaten harvests Nature points her bed  
Black, rich, and crumbling underneath the tread:  
Such as the swains by gradual art prepare,  
And form and fashion by the culturing share;  
Homeward at nightfall from no fairer plain  
The tir'd ox slowly drags the frequent wain.  
Or where rich soil has idly slept unknown,  
Age after age by forest wilds o'ergrown,  
Th' indignant peasant fells th' uprooted wood,  
And ancient mansions of the feather'd brood;  
The houseless exiles wing the waste of air,  
Gay gleams the land new-opening to the share.

But where th' unequal champaign swells around,  
And hungry gravel starves the barren ground,  
There rosemary and casia scarce distil  
Sweets for the bee that murmurs round the hill:

Et tophus scaber, et nigris exesa chelydri  
Creta, negant alios æquè serpentibus agros  
Dulcem ferre cibum, et curvas præbere latebras.

Quæ tenuem exhalat nebulam fumosque volucres,  
Et bibit humorem, et quum vult ex se ipsa remittit;  
Quæque suo viridi semper se gramine vestit,  
Nec scabie et salsâ lædit rubigine ferrum;  
Illa tibi lætis intextet vitibus ulmos;  
Illa ferax oleo est; illam experiere colendo  
Et facilem pecori, et patientem vomeris unci:  
Talem dives arat Capua, et vicina Vesevo  
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non æquus Acerris.

Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.  
Rara sit, an supra morem si densa, requiras;  
Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera baccho;  
Densa magis Cereri, rarissima quæque Lyæo;  
Antè locum capies oculis, altèque jubebis  
In solido puteum demitti, omnemque repones  
Rursus humum, et pedibus summas æquabis arenas.

And mould'ring stones that crumble to decay,  
And chalk where black'ning snakes have gnaw'd their way,  
There lurks in winding caves the serpent breed,  
And gathers poison from each baleful weed.

Where lands light clouds and vapourous fog exhale,  
Drink, and at will with mists condense the gale,  
Clothe their green lap with grass that never fades,  
Nor rust the share that cuts their humid blades;  
There shall the olive spread her fruitful race,  
There marriageable vines the elm embrace;  
And there, alike indulgent to the swain,  
Grass feed the flock, or furrows glow with grain.  
Such the rich land that round fam'd Capua lies,  
Such, where Vesuvius' giant heights arise,  
Or where prone Clanius, raging far and wide,  
Pours o'er Acerræ's waste its torrent tide.

Now mark the rules by sage experience tried,  
Rules that the nature of each soil decide:  
Seek'st thou to know the land, if dense or rare,  
This fit for vines, that suited to the share?  
For Ceres floats with gold the denser plain,  
And o'er the rare, Lyæus loves to reign:  
With careful eye select th' appropriate ground,  
There sink in solid earth a pit profound;  
Then to the land its former soil restore,  
And press with frequent footstep o'er and o'er.



Si deerunt, rarum, pecorique et vitibus almis  
Aptius, uber erit: sin in sua posse negabunt  
Ire loca, et scrobibus superabit terra repletis;  
Spissus ager: glebas cunctantes crassaque terga  
Exspecta, et validis terram proscinde juvencis.

Salsa autem tellus, et quæ perhibetur amara,  
Frugibus infelix (ea nec mansuescit arando,  
Nec baccho genus, aut pomis sua nomina, servat),  
Tale dabit specimen: tu spisso vimine qualos  
Colaque prælorum fumosis deripe tectis;  
Huc ager ille malus, dulcesque a fontibus undæ,  
Ad plenum calcentur: aqua eluctabitur omnis  
Scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina guttæ;  
At sapor indicium faciet manifestus, et ora  
Tristia tentantum sensu torquebit amaror.  
Pinguis item quæ sit tellus, hoc denique pacto  
Discimus: haud umquam manibus jactata fatiscit,  
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo.  
Humida majores herbas alit, ipsaque justo  
Lætior: ah! nimiùm ne sit mihi fertilis illa,  
Neu se prævalidam primis ostendat aristis!  
Quæ gravis est, ipso tacitam se pondere prodit,  
Quæque levis. Promptum est oculis prædiscere nigram,  
Et quis cui color: at sceleratum exquirere frigus

Sinks the loose mould beneath its former bed ?  
There give thy flocks to range, thy vines to spread ;  
But if the stubborn earth its bounds disdain,  
Rise round the pit, and stiffen on the plain,  
Along th' obdurate glebe and ling'ring clay  
Break with resistless steers thy forceful way.  
Test of the soil, where bitter salts abound,  
Where never ploughshare meliorates the ground,  
Where the vine droops, and fruits, renown'd of fame,  
Lose, as they fade, their nature and their name :  
Take, where they hung thy smoky roof beneath,  
Strainers and baskets plash'd with osier wreath ;  
There heap th' infected earth, and closely tread,  
Mix'd with pure water from the fountain head ;  
Then as the struggling exudations flow,  
Forc'd through the osiers drop by drop below,  
The saturated streams the soil betray,  
And lips, that taste, distorted turn away.  
Like pitch, close prest, the fat uncrumbling land  
Cleaves to the touch, and spreads beneath the hand.  
The humid earth large herbs luxuriant feeds,  
And with rank wildness clothes th' unfaithful meads :  
Ne'er may be mine tall blades that proudly tow'r,  
And mock the promise of their vernal hour !  
Their weight at once the light and dense betrays ;  
At once the sight each varying hue surveys :

Difficile est ; piceæ tantum, taxique nocentes  
Interdum, aut ederæ pandunt vestigia nigræ.

His animadversis, terram multò antè memento  
Excoquere, et magnos scrobibus concidere montes,  
Antè supinatas aquiloni ostendere glebas,  
Quàm lætum infodias vitis genus : optima putri  
Arva solo ; id venti curant, gelidæque pruinae,  
Et labefacta movens robustus jugera fossor.

At, si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit,  
Antè locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur  
Arboribus sèges, et quò mox digesta feratur,  
Mutatam ignorent subitò ne semina matrem.  
Quin etiam cœli regionem in cortice signant ;  
Ut quo quæque modo steterit, quâ parte calores  
Austrinos tulerit, quæ terga obverterit axi,  
Restituant : adeo in teneris consuescere multum est !

Collibus an plano meliùs sit ponere vitem  
Quære priùs. Si pinguis agros metabere campi,  
Densa sere ; in denso non segnior ubere bacchus.  
Sin tumultis acclivè solum collesque supinos,  
Indulge ordinibus ; nec seciùs omnis in unguem  
Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.  
Ut sæpè ingenti bello quum longa cohortes  
Explicuit legio, et campo stetit agmen aperto,



But cold, that slowly starves th' entrusted birth,  
Lurks unperceiv'd beneath the doubtful earth,  
Save where tall pines and baleful yews arise,  
And ivy darken'd with funereal dyes.

Go then, forewarn'd, thy timely beds provide,  
With frequent trenches wound the mountain side,  
To northern gales th' inverted earth expose,  
Long ere thy fields the tender vines enclose.  
Gay smiles the mellow soil, where frost and wind  
And the strong hand of toil the glebe unbind.

But cautious swains with more than common care  
Beds, like the soil that bore the shoots, prepare,  
Lest the weak offspring, from their mother torn,  
The sudden change and alien nurture mourn.  
Some, where keen Boreas smote, or southern wind  
Foster'd the vernal bloom, inscribe the rind :  
Each as it stood, again transplanted rear :  
So custom strongly sways the youthful year.

Seek first if hill or plain thy vines invite ;  
If rich the plain, there crowded plants unite :  
If earth unequal swell with sloping banks,  
Spread in free space, and range in open ranks :  
Yet not the less in measur'd bounds confine,  
Square the set vines, and station line by line.  
As when the legion o'er the plain afar  
Unfolds its spreading cohorts rang'd for war,

Directæque acies, ac latè fluctuat omnis  
Aere renidenti tellus; necdum horrida miscent  
Prælia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis:  
Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum;  
Non animum modò uti pascat prospectus inanem;  
Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus æquas  
Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.

Forsitan et scrobibus quæ sint fastigia quæras.  
Ausim vel tenui vitem committere sulco.  
Altior ac penitùs terræ defigitur arbor;  
Æsculus in primis, quæ quantùm vertice ad auras  
Ætherias, tantùm radice in tartara tendit.  
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres,  
Convellunt; immota manet, multosque nepotes,  
Multa virùm volvens durando sæcula, vincit:  
Tum fortes latè ramos et brachia tendens  
Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.

Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem;  
Neve inter vites corylum sere; neve flagella  
Summa pete, aut summâ destringe ex arbore plantas;  
Tantus amor terræ! neu ferro læde retuso

When opposite in arms the squadrons stand,  
And gleaming steel wide waves o'er all the land;  
Nor yet in conflict, shield has clash'd on shield,  
Nor death defac'd the glory of the field;  
But preluding the battle, ere it bleeds,  
Mars wheels 'mid either host his fiery steeds:  
Thus shall the vineyard, rang'd in graceful rows,  
No idle pomp to lure the sight expose,  
But every plant shall equal nurture share,  
And with like freedom spread its boughs in air.

Seek'st thou what stated depth the trenches claim?  
Not one their produce, nor their beds the same.  
Trust to light furrows, trust the tender vine,  
But, fix'd in earth's deep bed, large trees confine:  
Chief, æsculus, whose head as high aspires,  
Low as his root to central night retires.  
Vainly the wintry blast invades his brow,  
Vainly the torrent floods his base below:  
Unmov'd he sees round ages ages roll'd,  
Sees nations perish, and the world wax old,  
Wide spreads his vigorous branches o'er the plains,  
And on his central trunk th'o'ershadowing mass sustains.

Where bloom thy vines, no hazel growth enclose,  
Nor on their ranks let western suns repose;  
Nor topmost shoots select, but cull the race  
Where earth-bound plants the parent stem embrace:



Semina, neve oleæ silvestres insere truncos.  
Nam sæpè incautis pastoribus excidit ignis,  
Qui furtim pingui primùm sub cortice tectus  
Robora comprehendit, frondesque elapsus in altas,  
Ingentem cœlo sonitum dedit: inde secutus  
Per ramos victor perque alta cacumina regnat,  
Et totum involvit flammis nemus, et ruit atram  
Ad cœlum piceâ crassus caligine nûbem;  
Præsertim si tempestas a vertice silvis  
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.  
Hoc ubi, non a stirpe valent, cæsæque reverti  
Possunt, atque imâ similes revirescere terrâ:  
Infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.

Nec tibi tam prudens quisquam persuadeat auctor  
Tellurem boreâ rigidam spirante moveri:  
Rura gelu tum claudit hiems, nec semine jacto  
Concretam patitur radicem affigere terræ.  
Optima vinetis satio, quum vere rubenti  
Candida venit avis longis invisâ colubris;  
Prima vel autumnî sub frigora, quum rapidus sol  
Nondum hiemem contingit equis, jam præterit æstas.

Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile silvis:  
Vere tument terræ, et genitalia semina poscunt:

Nor with blunt knife the gadding tendril wound,  
Nor mix wild olives on their sacred ground.  
For oft, by careless shepherds left behind,  
Fire lurks unseen beneath the unctuous rind,  
Seizes the trunk, amid the branches soars,  
Sweeps through the blazing leaves, and fiercely roars:  
From bough to bough th' insulting victor spreads,  
Pursues his conquest o'er their topmost heads,  
Sheets the whole wood in flame, and, upwards driven,  
Blackens the sun, and fills the cope of heaven;  
But chief, whene'er the rushing blast conspires,  
Kindles each spark, and gathers all their fires.  
Ah! hope not from the root reviving bloom!  
No kindred race, shall flourish from the tomb;  
Sad 'mid their ashes o'er the desert strown  
Stands the wild olive, in the waste, alone.

Dare not to plant when wintry Boreas blows,  
Leave sullen earth in undisturb'd repose:  
Shrunk are her frozen pores, and, clos'd with cold,  
Forbid the root to pierce th' unyielding mould.  
Wait, till, returning on the gale of Spring,  
The snake-fed bird unfolds his silver wing,  
Or the slope sun his flying axle speeds,  
And, ere bleak Winter, Autumn chills the meads.

Spring comes, new bud the field, the flow'r, the grove,  
Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love:

Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus æther  
Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes  
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fetus :  
Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,  
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus :  
Parturit almus ager : zephyrique tepentibus auris  
Laxant arva sinus ; superat tener omnibus humor ;  
Inque novos soles audent se gramina tutò  
Credere ; nec metuit surgentes pampinus austros,  
Aut actum cœlo magnis aquilonibus imbrem ;  
Sed trudit gemmas, et frondes explicat omnes.

Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi  
Illuxisse dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem,  
Crediderim : ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat  
Orbis, et hibernis parcebant flatibus euri ;  
Quum primæ lucem pecudes hausere, virûmque  
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,  
Immissæque feræ silvis, et sidera cœlo.  
Nec res hunc teneræ possent perferre laborem,  
Si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque  
Inter, et exciperet cœli indulgentia terras.



Æther, great lord of life, his wings extends,  
And on the bosom of his bride descends,  
With show'rs prolific feeds the vast embrace  
That fills all nature, and renews her race.  
Birds on their branches hymeneals sing,  
The pastur'd meads with bridal echoes ring;  
Bath'd in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,  
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds:  
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,  
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,  
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,  
Spreads without fear, each blossom, leaf, and flower.

Yes! lovely Spring! when rose the world to birth,  
Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,  
Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,  
And no bleak gale on infant Nature blew.  
When herds first drank the light, from Earth's rude bed  
When first man's iron race uprear'd its head,  
When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,  
And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven;  
Then as through all the vital spirit came,  
And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty frame,  
Each tender being, struggling into life,  
Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,  
But thy mild season, each extreme between,  
Soft nurse of Nature, gave the golden mean.

Quod superest, quæcumque premes virgulta per agros,  
Sparge fimo pingui, et multâ memor occule terrâ :  
Aut lapidem bibulum aut squalentes infode conchas ;  
Inter enim labentur aquæ, tenuisque subibit  
Halitus, atque animos tollent sata : jamque reperti  
Qui saxo super atque ingentis pondere testæ  
Urgerent ; hoc effusos munimen ad imbres ;  
Hoc, ubi hiulca siti findit Canis æstifer arva.

Seminibus positis, superest deducere terram  
Sæpius ad capita, et duros jactare bidentes ;  
Aut presso exercere solum sub vomere, et ipsa  
Flectere luctantes inter vineta juvencos ;  
Tum leves calamos, et rasæ hastilia virgæ,  
Fraxineasque aptare sudes, furcasque bicornes :  
Viribus eniti quarum, et contemnere ventos  
Assuescant, summasque sequi tabulata per ulmos.

Ac, dum prima novis adolescit frondibus ætas,  
Parcendum teneris : et dum se lætus ad auras  
Palmes agit, laxis per purum immissus habenis,  
Ipsa acie nondum falcis tentanda ; sed uncis  
Carpendæ manibus frondes, interque legendæ.  
Inde ubi jam validis amplexæ stirpibus ulmos  
Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum brachia tonde ;

Are the plants set? protect their infant rows,  
Feed with manure, with nurturing mould enclose;  
Shells in their bed, and spongy stones inhume,  
To draw the dew down earth's imbibing womb;  
Hence shall each root new life and strength inhale,  
And catch the spirit of the genial gale.  
Nor are there not, who ponderous fragments spread,  
Large stones and tiles that press their loaded bed,  
Alike to guard against tempestuous rain,  
Or shade when Sirius cleaves the thirsty plain.

The plants now fixt, th' unwearied work pursue;  
Oft round their shelter'd roots the soil renew,  
Oft with laborious drags the clods unbind,  
And 'mid their ranks the struggling bullocks wind;  
Then with light reed, peel'd osier's flexile spear,  
Ash-pole, and forky stake, the vineyard rear,  
Till the propt tendrils, train'd from stage to stage,  
Crown the tall elm, and brave the tempest's rage.

When the new leaf in Spring's luxuriant time  
Clothes the young shoot, oh! spare its tender prime:  
And when the gadding tendril wildly gay  
Darts into air, and wings its wanton way,  
Indulgent yet the knife's keen edge forbear,  
But nip the leaves, and lighten here and there.  
But when in lusty strength the amorous vine  
Clings with strong shoots that all the elm entwine,



Antè reformidant ferrum : tum denique dura  
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.

Texendæ sæpes etiam, et pecus omne tenendum,  
Præcipuè dum frons tenera imprudensque laborum :  
Cui, super indignas hiemes, solemque potentem,  
Silvestres uri assiduè capræque sequaces  
Illudunt ; pascuntur oves, avidæque juvencæ.  
Frigora nec tantùm canâ concreta pruinâ,  
Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus æstas,  
Quantùm illi nocuere greges, durique venenum  
Dentis, et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix.

Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris  
Cæditur, et veteres ineunt proscenia ludi ;  
Præmiaque ingeniis, pagos et compita circum  
Thesidæ posuere, atque inter pocula læti  
Mollibus in pratis unctos saluere per utres.  
Nec non Ausonii, Trojâ gens missa, coloni  
Versibus incompitis ludunt, risuque soluto,  
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis :  
Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina læta, tibi que  
Oscilla ex altâ suspendunt mollia pinu.

Range with free steel, exert tyrannic sway,  
Lop the rank bough, and crush th' exuberant spray.

Now with thick-woven hedge the vines enclose,  
And guard from wand'ring herds their shelter'd rows,  
Chief when, with opening foliage newly crown'd,  
The tendrils dread the unaccustom'd wound.  
Not the prone sun alone, and icy gale,  
But savage buffaloes the shoots assail;  
There persecuting goats devour the boughs,  
And nibbling sheep and greedy heifers browse.  
Yet, nor the soil with hoary frosts o'erspread,  
Nor suns that scorch the mountain's arid head,  
Hurt like the flock, whose venom'd teeth deface  
The wounded bark, and scar the bleeding race.

For this the goat, that on the vineyard feeds,  
Victim to Bacchus, on each altar bleeds:  
For this the goat first crown'd the scenic song,  
When round their hamlets rov'd th' Athenian throng,  
And wild with joy and wine, in grassy plains  
'Mid oily bladders leap'd the bounding swains.  
Nor less Ausonian hinds, the race of Troy,  
Sport in rude rhymes, and shout their tipsy joy;  
Grim masks of bark deform the laughing band;  
And, Bacchus! Bacchus! rings around the land;  
While on high pines his waving figures hung,  
Float to and fro the breezy boughs among.

Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu ;  
Complentur vallesque cavæ, saltusque profundî,  
Et quòcumque deus circum caput egit honestum.  
Ergo ritè suum Baccho dicemus honorem  
Carminibus patriis, lancesque et liba feremus ;  
Et ductus cornu stabit sacer hircus ad aram,  
Pinguiaque in veribus torrebimus exta columnis.

Est etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter,  
Cui numquam exhausti satis est ; namque omne quot  
annis

Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glebaque versis  
Æternùm frangenda bidentibus, omne levandum  
Fronde nemus : redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,  
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.

Ac jam olim seras posuit quum vinea frondes,  
Frigidus et silvis aquilo decussit honorem ;  
Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum  
Rusticus, et curvo Saturni dente relictam  
Persequitur vitem attondens, fingitque putando.  
Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato  
Sarmenta, et vallos primus sub tecta referto :  
Postremus metito. Bis vitibus ingruit umbra ;  
Bis segetem densis obducunt sentibus herbæ :



Where'er the God his gracious front inclines,  
There plenty gushes from the loaded vines,  
Down richer vallies fragrant clusters breathe,  
And hills grow dark their purple weight beneath.  
Then pile the charger, hallow'd offerings bring;  
Songs, that our fathers taught, to Bacchus sing:  
Lead by the horns the goat, and, duly slain,  
Slow roast on hazel spits before the fane.

Yet other cares to dress the vine, require  
Exhaustless pains, and hands that never tire.  
If turn'd the ground, thrice urge the yearly toil;  
Break with bent prongs, and ceaseless work the soil;  
Lighten the boughs with leaves superfluous crown'd,  
While the long year but rolls new labours round.

E'en when at last the north has blown away  
The lonely leaf that shiver'd on the spray,  
Th' unwearied peasant, as his labour ends,  
O'er all the coming year his care extends,  
Prunes the bare vine, unblest with fruit, or shade,  
And shapes its future growth beneath the blade.

First of the swains th' impatient furrow turn,  
First of the swains the shoots superfluous burn,  
And first beneath thy roof the props repose,  
Last, strip thy vines at Autumn's ling'ring close.  
Twice, countless leaves their loaded boughs o'ershade,  
Weeds and wild brambles twice their beds invade:

Durus uterque labor. Laudato ingentiâ rura ;  
Exiguum colito. Nec non etiam aspera rusci  
Vimina per silvam, et ripis fluvialis arundo  
Cæditur, incultique exercet cura salicti.  
Jam vinctæ vites, jam falcem arbusta reponunt,  
Jam canit extremos effectus vinitor antes :  
Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulvisque movendus ;  
Et jam maturis metuendus juppiter uvis.

Contrà, non ulla est oleis cultura : neque illæ  
Procurvam expectant falcem, rastrosque tenaces,  
Quum semel hæserunt arvis, aurasque tulerunt.  
Ipsa satis tellus, quum dente recluditur unco,  
Sufficit humorem, et gravidas cum vomere fruges.  
Hoc pinguem et placitam paci nutritor olivam.

Poma quoque, ut primùm truncos sensere valentes,  
Et vires habuere suas, ad sidera raptim  
Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostræ.  
Nec minùs interea fetu nemus omne gravescit,  
Sanguineisque inculta rubent aviaria baccis ;  
Tondentur cytisi ; tædas silva alta ministrat,

If such the ceaseless toil, large fields commend;  
But till'd with care thy bounded portion tend.  
Go, cut the broom that shoots along the wood,  
And reeds and willows that o'erhang the flood.  
At length the toil is o'er, the vines are bound,  
The blunted knife lies idle on the ground;  
Th' o'erwearied dresser sings in sweet repose  
At the last rank where all his labours close;  
Yet must he turn the soil, and dread lest Jove  
On the ripe clusters rush, and waste the purple grove.

Not tortur'd thus to frail and feeble life,  
The olive slowly grows beneath the knife,  
When once her root has pierc'd the soil below,  
Or genial breezes wanton'd round her brow.  
Earth, loosen'd by the spade, with moisture feeds,  
And fruit unstinted to the plough succeeds.  
Then go, and, grateful for the blest increase,  
With happiest culture rear the plant of peace.

Nor less, when once the vigorous cions rise,  
Nature herself the apple's growth supplies,  
Gives with internal strength to dart in air,  
And scorn the littleness of human care.  
On every wood unlabour'd plenty grows,  
Round each wild nest th' uncultur'd berry glows;  
Th' unconquer'd cythus, profuse of life,  
Shoots from the wound, and buds beneath the knife;



Pascunturque ignes nocturni, et lumina fundunt.  
Et dubitant homines serere, atque impendere curam !  
Quid majora sequar ? salices humilesque genestæ,  
Aut illæ pecori frondem, aut pastoribus umbras,  
Sufficiunt, sæpemque satis, et pabula melli.  
Et juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum,  
Naryciæque picis lucos : juvat arva videre,  
Non rastris hominum, non ulli obnoxia curæ.  
Ipsæ Caucasio steriles in vertice silvæ,  
Quas animosi euri assiduè franguntque feruntque,  
Dant alios aliæ fetus ; dant utile lignum,  
Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.  
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustis,  
Agricolæ, et pandas ratibus posuere carinas.  
Viminibus salices fecundæ, frondibus ulmi :  
At myrtus validis hastilibus, et bona bello  
Cornus ; Ityræos taxi torquentur in arcus.  
Nec tiliaæ leves, aut torno rasile buxum,  
Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto :  
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus

Firs and tall pines throughout the livelong night  
 Feed the bright flame, and spread the cheerful light.  
 And doubts ungrateful man to plant the earth,  
 And tend on Nature teeming into birth?  
 Why on sublimer trees the lay prolong?  
 Willows and lowly broom demand the song;  
 Their leaves the cattle feed, the shepherd shade;  
 They load with sweets the bee, and fence the blade.  
 Gay waves with box Cytorus' breezy head,  
 Grateful the pines o'er dark Narycium spread.  
 How sweet to rove 'mid Nature's boundless shade,  
 Rich beyond art, and scorning human aid!  
 Unfruitful woods that crest Caucasian heights,  
 Woods whose shent brow th' unwearied whirlwind smites,  
 Give pines that spread the canvass o'er the main,  
 Cedar and cypress that the dome sustain,  
 Form the swift spokes, and orb the solid wheel,  
 And cut the stormy brine with crooked keel.  
 Wreaths for thy vines the pliant willow weaves,  
 Elms for thy flock diffuse their nurturing leaves;  
 Thy spear a myrtle, dart a corneil grew;  
 Bend for thy bow the Ityræan yew.  
 Smooth box and polish'd lime the lathe demand,  
 And shape their patient forms beneath thy hand;  
 Light alders that o'erhung Po's shadowy side  
 Launch'd on her bosom down the torrent glide;

Missa Pado, nec non et apes examina condunt  
Corticibusque cavis vitiosæque ilicis alveo.  
Quid memorandum æquè Baccheïa dona tulerunt?  
Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit: ille furentes  
Centauros leto domuit, Rhoetumque, Pholumque,  
Et magno Hylæum Lapithis cratere minantem.

O fortunatos nimiùm, sua si bona norint,  
Agricolas, quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,  
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus!  
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
Manè salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,  
Nec varios inhiant pulchrâ testudine postes,  
Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque æra;  
Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,  
Nec casiâ liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi:  
At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,  
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,  
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,  
Non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,  
Et patiens operum exiguoque assueta juvenus,  
Sacra deûm, sanctique patres: extrema per illos  
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.



Bees in the shelt'ring bark embosom'd dwell,  
 Or hide in hollow oaks their murmuring cell.  
 And shall with these the Bacchic gifts compare,  
 Source of mad discord and infuriate war?  
 Bacchus the Centaur feast with slaughter crown'd,  
 And red with blood the goblet hurl'd around.

Ah! happy swain! ah! race belov'd of heaven!  
 If known thy bliss, how great the blessing given!  
 For thee just Earth from her prolific beds  
 Far from wild war spontaneous nurture sheds.  
 Though nor high domes through all their portals wide  
 Each morn disgorge the flatterer's reflux tide;  
 Though nor thy gaze on gem-wrought columns rest,  
 The brazen bust, and gold-embroider'd vest;  
 Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,  
 Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil;  
 Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no change,  
 And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,  
 The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,  
 And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade;  
 Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field,  
 That pastur'd plains or savage woodlands yield:  
 Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,  
 Repose and reverence tend declining age:  
 There Gods yet dwell, and, as she fled mankind,  
 There Justice left her last lone trace behind,

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,  
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant; cœlique vias et sidera monstrent,  
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores;  
Unde tremor terris; quâ vi maria alta tumescant  
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant;  
Quid tantùm oceano properent se tingere soles  
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.  
Sin, has ne possim naturæ accedere partes,  
Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis;  
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;  
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. O ubi campi,  
Spercheosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis  
Taygeta! o qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!  
" Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!  
Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,  
Panaque, Silvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores!  
Illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum  
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres,

Me first, ye Muses ! at whose hallow'd fane  
Led by pure love I consecrate my strain,  
Me deign accept ! and to my search unfold  
Heaven and her host in beauteous order roll'd,  
Th' eclipse that dims the golden orb of day,  
And changeful labours of the lunar ray ;  
Whence rocks the earth, by what vast force the main  
Now bursts its barriers, now subsides again ;  
Why wintry suns in ocean swiftly fade,  
Or what delay retards night's ling'ring shade.  
But if chill blood restrain th' ambitious flight,  
And Nature veil her wonders from my sight,  
Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell  
By gushing fount, wild wood, and shadowy dell !  
Oh lov'd Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,  
That ring to virgin choirs in Bacchic rites !  
Hide me some God, where Hæmus' vales extend,  
And boundless shade and solitude defend !  
How blest the sage ! whose soul can pierce each cause  
Of changeful Nature, and her wondrous laws :  
Who tramples fear beneath his foot, and braves  
Fate, and stern death, and hell's resounding waves.  
Blest too, who knows each God that guards the swain,  
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train.  
Not the proud fasces, nor the pomp of kings,  
Discord that bathes in kindred blood her wings ;



Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Histro ;  
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna : neque ille  
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.  
Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura  
Sponte tulere suâ, carpsit : nec ferrea jura,  
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

Sollicitant alij remis freta cæca, ruuntque  
In ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum :  
Hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque penates,  
Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano indormiat ostro :  
Condit opes alius, defossoque incubat auro :  
Hic stupet attonitus rostris : hunc plausus hiantem  
Per cuneos geminatus enim plebisque patrumque  
Corripuit : gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,  
Exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,  
Atque alio patriam quærant sub sole jacentem.  
Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro :  
Hinc anni labor ; hinc patriam parvosque nepotes  
Sustinet ; hinc armenta boum meritosque juvenços.

Not arming Istrians that on Dacia call,  
 Triumphant Rome, and kingdoms doom'd to fall,  
 Envy's wan gaze, or pity's bleeding tear,  
 Disturb the tenour of his calm career.

From fruitful orchards and spontaneous fields  
 He culls the wealth that willing Nature yields,  
 Far from the tumult of the madd'ning bar,  
 And iron justice, and forensic war.

Some vex with restless oar wild seas unknown,  
 Some rush on death, or cringe around the throne;  
 Stern warriors here beneath their footstep tread  
 The realm that rear'd them, and the hearth that fed,  
 To quaff from gems, and lull to transient rest  
 The wound that bleeds beneath the Tyrian vest.  
 These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,  
 The rostrum these with raptur'd trance behold,  
 Or wonder when repeated plaudits raise  
 'Mid peopled theatres the shout of praise:  
 These with grim joy, by civil discord led,  
 And stain'd in battles where a brother bled,  
 From their sweet household hearth in exile roam,  
 And seek beneath new suns a foreign home.  
 The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil;  
 The lands that blest his fathers bound his toil,  
 Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,  
 And see his children's children sport in peace.

Nec requies quin aut pomis exuberet annus,  
Aut fetu pecorum, aut cerealis mergite culmi,  
Proventuque oneret sulcos, atque horrea vincat.

Venit hiems : teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis ;  
Glande sues læti redeunt ; dant arbuta silvæ ;  
Et varios ponit fetus autumnus, et altè  
Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis.  
Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati ;  
Casta pudicitiam servat domus ; ubera vaccae  
Lactea demittunt ; pinguesque in gramine læto  
Inter se adversis luctantur cornibus hædi.

Ipse dies agitat festos ; fususque per herbam,  
Ignis ubi in medio, et socii cratera coronant,  
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat ; pecorisque magistris  
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo ;  
Corporaque agresti nudant prædura palæstrâ.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,  
Hanc Remus et frater ; sic fortis Etruria crevit



Each change of seasons leads new plenty round ;  
Now lambs, and kids along the meadow bound,  
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,  
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain ;  
Or where with purple hues the upland glows,  
Autumnal suns on mellowing grapes repose.  
His swine return at winter's evening hours,  
Gorg'd with the mast that every forest showers :  
For him the arbuté reddens on the wood,  
And mills press forth the olive's gushing flood ;  
Chaste love his household guards, and round his knees  
Fond infants climb the foremost kiss to seize ;  
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,  
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.  
He too, at times, where flames the rustic shrine,  
And, rang'd around, his gay compeers recline,  
In grateful leisure on some festive day  
Stretch'd on the turf delights his limbs to lay,  
To loose from care his disencumber'd soul,  
And hail thee, Bacchus ! o'er the circling bowl :  
Or on the elm the javelin's mark suspend,  
Where for the prize his hardy hinds contend,  
Bare their huge bodies, and, untaught to yield,  
To wrestling toils provoke the challeng'd field.

Such was the life that ancient Sabines chose ;  
Thus Rome's twin founders, thus Etruria rose :

Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,  
 Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.  
 Ante etiam sceptrum Dictæi regis, et antè  
 Impia quàm cæsis gens est epulata iuvençis,  
 Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.  
 Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum  
 Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.

Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor;  
 Et jam tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.



Thus Rome herself, o'er all on earth renown'd,  
Rome, whose sev'n hills her towery walls surround;  
Such, ere Dictæan Jove's new sceptre reign'd,  
And slaughter'd bulls the unhallow'd banquet stain'd,  
Such was the life on earth that Saturn knew,  
Ere mortals trembled as the trumpet blew,  
Or started as the anvil rung afar,  
When clattering hammers shap'd the sword of war.

But now, at length o'erpast the boundless plain,  
Freed from the car the smoking steeds unrein.



These homesteads, of which on earth remained, were  
home, whose tower in hills far towers walls surround;  
Such, the District Justice now repeats again, again,  
And sloughs, and shall the shallow, and shallow again,  
Such was the life on earth that I have known,  
The mortal, trembled as the trumpet blew,  
Or started as the sun's rays, and then,  
When clanking, banners, and the sword of war,  
But now, at length, to pass the sword, and then,  
Freed from the car, the smoking sword, again.

# GEORGICS.

## BOOK III.

### ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Virgil begins this Book, on the breeding of cattle, by announcing his intention of singing Pales, the Goddess of shepherds, and Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus on the banks of the Amphrysus—He observes that fabulous tales, the familiar themes of every poet, pall by repetition ; and that he shall endeavour to soar beyond the track of imitators, and bring new palms to his native Mantua, by celebrating actions founded on truth, the victories of the Romans, and the triumphal honours of Augustus—This intention he conveys under a sublime allegory of the apotheosis of Augustus, and of the games which he himself proposes to institute in honour of his divinity—In the mean while he obeys the command of Mæcenas, and continues his rural theme—The Poet now regularly enters on his subject, by enumerating the marks of a cow best qualified for a breeder—mentions, that the like care is necessary in the selection of a colt, to form the future stallion—points out his characteristics, and remarks on the importance of the vigour of his youth—thence, in an animated description of a chariot-race, he dwells on the ardour and spirit of the contending animals—This leads him to the mention of the inventor of chariots, and of those who first tamed the horse for the purposes of riding—He now delivers particular precepts concerning the different methods of preparing the male and female breeders—thence he mentions the necessity of peculiar care and tenderness in the treatment of the pregnant animals—From their treatment in that state he naturally proceeds to that of the young ; and, chiefly, in this place, of the calves—shows how they are to be gradually trained for draught and tillage—He then gives instructions relative to the rearing of colts, either for war or the course—This gives occasion to an important remark on the necessity of keeping the sexes apart, till their strength is confirmed—The fatal effect of the neglect of this precept exemplified in bulls—their fight described—He now instances in other animals, and in the human species, the violence of the passion common to all—The subject of bulls and horses being concluded, he enters on that of sheep and goats—dwells on the peculiar care which they require in winter—on their excellence and utility—how they are to be managed in warm weather—This easily leads to a digression on the Libyan shepherds wandering with their flocks over boundless plains ; and to this description he contrasts that of the cattle and cli-



mate of Scythia—He now gives directions concerning wool and the choice of sheep, and chiefly of the rams—of the nourishment proper for sheep kept for milk—The care of sheep leads him to that of dogs, the defenders of the fold—Thence he proceeds to mention the injuries to which cattle are subject—snakes and serpents, and particularly dwells on one that haunts the Calabrian woods—He then notices the diseases of sheep and their remedies—and describes at large a plague which laid waste the regions about the Alps—its effects on calves, swine, horses, bulls—traces its progress through earth, sea, and air; and concludes this highly-wrought detail with the miserable death of those who dared to handle the infected fleece or hide.

## GEORGICA.

### LIBER TERTIUS.

V. I—II.

**T**E quoque, magna Pales, et te, memorande, canemus,  
Pastor ab Amphryso; vos, silvæ, amnesque Lycæi.  
Cetera, quæ vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes,  
Omnia jam vulgata: quis aut Eurysthea durum,  
Aut illaudati nescit Busiridis aras?  
Cui non dictus Hylas puer, et Latonia Delos,  
Hippodameque, humeroque Pelops insignis eburno,  
Acer equis? Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

Primus ego in patriam mecum, modò vita supersit,  
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas.

## GEORGICS.

### BOOK III.

#### VERSE I—16.

THOU too, great Pales ! and the heavenly swain  
That watch'd th' Amphrysian herd, demand the strain ;  
And ye wild woods that hoar Lycæus shade,  
And streams that feed Arcadia's verdant glade.  
Trite themes, from age to age by poets sung,  
Pall as their echoes float from tongue to tongue.  
Who knows not stern Eurystheus, and thy fane,  
Busiris ! died with blood of strangers slain ?  
Latonian Delos, Hylas' youthful grace,  
The promis'd bride that urg'd the Pisan race,  
Pelops by ivory shoulder rais'd to fame,  
And high equestrian skill that crown'd his name ?  
I too will boldly strive my flight to raise,  
And, wing'd by victory, catch the gale of praise.

I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,  
Will lead the Muses to the Latian plain,



Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas;  
Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam,  
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat  
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.  
In medio mihi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit,  
Illi victor ego, et Tyrio conspectus in ostro,  
Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad flumina currus.  
Cuncta mihi, Alpheum linquens lucosque Molorchi,  
Cursibus et crudo decernet Græcia cestu.  
Ipse, caput tonsæ foliis ornatus olivæ,  
Dona feram. Jam nunc solemnes ducere pompas  
Ad delubra juvat, cæsosque videre juvencos:  
Vel scena ut versis discedat frontibus, utque  
Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni.  
In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto  
Gangaridum faciam, victorisque arma Quirini;  
Atque hîc undantem bello magnûmque fluentem  
Nilum, ac navali surgentes ære columnas.  
Addam urbes Asiæ domitas, pulsumque Niphaten,  
Fidentemque fugâ Parthum versisque sagittis,

For thee, my native Mantua ! twine the wreath,  
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.  
Near the pure stream, amid the green champaign,  
I first will rear on high the marble fane,  
Where with slow bend broad Mincio's waters stray,  
And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.  
High in the midst great Cæsar's form divine,  
A present God, shall consecrate the shrine.  
For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,  
Wing'd by four steeds my hundred chariots fly.  
All Greece shall scorn her fam'd Olympian field ;  
Here lash the courser and the cæstus wield.  
I, I myself will round my temples twine  
The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine.  
E'en now the solemn pomp I joy to lead,  
E'en now I see the sacred heifers bleed,  
Now view the turning scenes, and now behold  
Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold.  
There on the ivory gates with gold embost,  
My skill shall sculpture the Gargarian host,  
And o'er the foe, in radiant mail array'd,  
Quirinus poising his victorious blade.  
Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there  
Columns of naval brass ascend in air.  
Niphates here, there Asia's captive tow'rs,  
And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy show'rs :

Et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoste tropæa,  
Bisque triumphatas utroque ab littore gentes.  
Stabunt et Parii lapides, spirantia signa,  
Assaraci proles, demissæque ab Jove gentis  
Nomina, Trosque parens, et Trojæ Cynthius auctor.  
Invidia infelix Furias amnemque severum  
Cocyti metuet, tortosque Ixionis angues,  
Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile saxum.

Interea Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur  
Intactos; tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa.  
Te sine nil altum mens inchoat. En age, segnes  
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;  
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.  
Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnæ  
Cæsaris, et nomen famâ tot ferre per annos  
Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Cæsar.

Seu quis, Olympiæ miratus præmia palmæ,  
Pascit equos, seu quis fortes ad aratra juvencos,  
Corpora præcipuè matrum legat. Optima torvæ



From different nations double trophies torn,  
And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.  
There busts shall breathe, and Parian statues trace  
From sire to son Jove's long-descending race:  
Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,  
And Cynthius architect of Troy divine.  
Envy shall there th' avenging Furies dread,  
The Stygian lake with flaming sulphur fed,  
The racking wheel, Ixion's snaky coil,  
And the rebounding rock's eternal toil.  
Meanwhile, Mæcenus! by thy Genius fir'd,  
I dare the arduous task by thee inspir'd;  
Through woods and lawns untrodden urge my way,  
While murmuring Dryads chide the long delay.  
Oh come! Cithæron shouts her mountains o'er,  
Rous'd by Taygetian hounds deep echoes roar,  
The neighing steeds o'er Epidaurus bound,  
Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.  
Erelong, my voice, attun'd to loftier lays,  
Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,  
His glowing battles consecrate to fame,  
And spread from age to age the Julian name.  
Does Fame for Pisa's palm the courser rear,  
Or Labour yoke for wealth the vigorous steer,  
With prescient care the destin'd mother trace,  
And form'd like her expect the promis'd race.

Forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,  
Et crurum tenuis a mento palearia pendent;  
Tum longo nullus lateri modus; omnia magna,  
Pes etiam; et camuris hirtæ sub cornibus aures.  
Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo,  
Aut juga detrectans, interdumque aspera cornu,  
Et faciem tauro propior; quæque ardua tota,  
Et gradiens imâ verrit vestigia caudâ.

Ætas Lucinam justosque pati hymenæos  
Desinit ante decem, post quatuor incipit annos:  
Cetera nec feturæ habilis, nec fortis aratris.  
Interea, superat gregibus dum læta juvenas,  
Solve mares; mitte in venerem pecuaria primus,  
Atque aliam ex aliâ generando suffice prolem.  
Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit: subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,  
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.  
Semper erunt quarum mutari corpora malis;  
Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,  
Anteveni, et sobolem armento sortire quot annis.

If curling horns their crescent backward bend,  
And bristly hairs beneath the ear defend,  
If on her knee the pendulous dew-lap float,  
Large front, and brawny neck vast strength denote :  
If length'ning flanks to boundless measure spread,  
Fierce her rough look, and bold her bull-like head,  
If snowy spots her mottled body stain,  
And her indignant brow the yoke disdain,  
With tail wide sweeping, as she stalks, the dews ;  
Thus, lofty, large, and long, the mother choose.

Crown the fourth year with hymeneal flow'rs :  
Age, ere the tenth, laments its languid pow'rs,  
Inglorious cares the dregs of life infest,  
Unfit for labour, and by love unblest,  
In youth's full force, by glowing pleasure led,  
Loose the fierce savage to the genial bed ;  
There let him leave, ere yet to death resign'd,  
Some bold memorial of his strength behind.  
Swift fades our joyful prime : 't is fled away ;  
Close on its wings, pant sickness, sore decay,  
Relentless pains that lingering life consume,  
And age, that calls on death to close the tomb.  
Haste, as thy herds thus sicken, droop, and die,  
Still with new tides the stream of life supply,  
Prevent their loss, a race successive rear,  
Nor mourn with vain regret time's fleet career,



Nec non et pecori est idem delectus equino.  
Tu modò, quos in spem statues submittere gentis,  
Præcipuum jam inde a teneris impende laborem.  
Continuò pecoris generosi pullus in arvis  
Altiùs ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit:  
Primus et ire viam et fluvios tentare minaces  
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti:  
Nec vanos horret strepitus. Illi ardua cervix,  
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga;  
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus. Honesti  
Spadices, glaucique; color deterrimus albis,  
Et gilvo. Tum, si qua sonum procul arma dedêre,  
Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,  
Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.  
Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo.  
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina: cavatque  
Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.  
Talis Amyclæi domitus Pollucis habenis  
Cyllarus, et, quorum Graii meminere poëtæ,  
Martis equi bijuges, et magni currus Achilli.  
Talis et ipse jubam cervice effudit equinâ  
Conjugis adventu pernix Saturnus, et altum  
Pelion hinnitu fugiens implevit acuto.

Choose with like care the courser's generous breed,  
And from his birth prepare the parent steed.  
As yet a colt he stalks with lofty pace,  
And balances his limbs with flexile grace :  
First leads the way, the threat'ning torrent braves,  
And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.  
Light on his airy crest his slender head,  
His belly short, his loins luxuriant spread :  
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,  
No fear alarms him, nor vain shouts molest.  
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar  
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war :  
Flames from each nostril roll in gather'd stream,  
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam,  
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,  
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair :  
Swift works his double spine, and earth around  
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground.  
Such ardent Cyllarus, whose rage restrain'd  
Foam'd on the bit by Spartan Pollux rein'd :  
Such the fam'd steeds that whirl'd Pelides' car,  
And o'er the battle wing'd the God of war :  
And such the shape, that erst the God disguis'd,  
When Saturn fled, by jealous rage surpris'd :  
Loose in the gale his mane luxuriant play'd,  
And Pelion echoed as the courser neigh'd.

Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis, aut jam segnior annis,  
Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignosce senectæ.  
Frigidus in venerem senior, frustra que laborem  
Ingratum trahit; et, si quando ad prælia ventum est  
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,  
Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis  
Præcipuè; hinc alias artes, prolemque parentum,  
Et quis cuique dolor victo, quæ glória palmæ.  
Nonne vides, quum præcipiti certamine campum  
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus;  
Quum spes arrectæ juvenum, exsultantiaque haurit  
Corda pavor pulsans? illi instant verbere torto,  
Et proni dant lora; volat vi fervidus axis:  
Jamque humiles, jamque elati sublimè videntur  
Aëra per vacuum ferri, atque assurgere in auras.  
Nec mora, nec requies; at fulvæ nimbus arenæ  
Tollitur; humescunt spumis flatuque sequentum:  
Tantus amor laudum, tantæ est victoria curæ!



But when with age, or long disease opprest,  
Hide him at home in not inglorious rest :  
Release the veteran, from the toil remove,  
Nor urge reluctant to laborious love ;  
Vain rage, that flashes with delusive fires,  
And, like the stubble, blazes and expires.  
Then, chief, their years, and dauntless spirit trace,  
What breed ennobles, and what honours grace,  
If victory's glorious prize their speed inflame,  
Or how, when conquer'd, sinks their crest with shame.

Swift at the signal, lo ! the chariots bound,  
And bursting through the barriers seize the ground.  
Now with high hope erect the drivers dart,  
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.  
Prone o'er loose reins they lash th' extended steed,  
And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed.  
Now, low they vanish from the aching eye,  
Now soar in air, and seem to gain the sky.  
Where'er they rush along the hidden ground,  
Dust in thick whirlwinds darkens all around.  
Each presses each : in clouds from all behind,  
Horse, horsemen, chariots thundering in the wind,  
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore  
Smoke in the gale, and stream the victor o'er.  
Thus glorious thirst of praise their spirit fires,  
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.

Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus  
 Jungere equos, rapidusque rotis insistere victor.  
 Frena Pelethronii Lapithæ gyrosque dedêre,  
 Impositi dorso : atque equitem docuere sub armis  
 Insultare solo, et gressus glomerare superbos.  
 Æquus uterque labor : æquè juvenemque magistri  
 Exquirunt, calidumque animis et cursibus acrem ;  
 Quamvis sæpè fugâ versos ille egerit hostes,  
 Et patriam Epirum referat, fortesque Mycenas,  
 Neptunique ipsâ deducat origine gentem.

His animadversis, instant sub tempus, et omnes  
 Impendunt curas denso distendere pingui,  
 Quem legêre ducem, et pecori dixere maritum :  
 Pubentesque secant herbas, fluviosque ministrant,  
 Farraque, ne blando nequeat superesse labori,  
 Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati.  
 Ipsa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes :  
 Atque, ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas  
 Sollicitat, frondesque negant, et fontibus arcent.  
 Sæpè etiam cursu quatiunt, et solè fatigant,  
 Quum graviter tunsis gemit area frugibus, et quum  
 Surgentem ad zephyrum paleæ jactantur inanes.  
 Hoc faciunt, nimio ne luxu obtusior usus  
 Sit genitali arvo, et sulcos oblimet inertes ;  
 Sed rapiat sitiens venerem, interiusque recondat.

Bold Erichthonius first four coursers yok'd,  
And urg'd the chariot as the axle smok'd.  
The skilful Lapithæ first taught to guide  
The mounted steeds, and rein their temper'd pride,  
Taught under arms to prance, and wheel around,  
Press their proud steps, and paw th' insulted ground.  
Alike their labours, and alike they claim  
Youth's boundless force and unabated flame.  
Ah ! vain in age that Argos' vaunted breed  
Bore for triumphant palms th' exulting steed,  
That oft he chas'd the foe, or claim'd his birth  
From Neptune's race, that burst the womb of earth.

The choice once fixt, each pleasing care employ,  
And rear the pamper'd sire for bridal joy,  
Cut for his food fresh grass that tufts the mead,  
Swell with rich grain, to gushing fountains lead,  
Lest the sweet toil his languid limbs o'erpow'r,  
And a weak race betray th' ungenial hour.  
But when connubial joys new passion fire,  
By famine tame the bride's intense desire.  
From pampering food and gushing fount restrain,  
Tire in the sun, and press along the plain,  
When groans the barn beneath the dusty flail,  
And the wing'd chaff light flies before the gale :  
Then hymeneal Gods the rites approve,  
And crown with blest increase the joys of love.



Rursus cura patrum cadere, et succedere matrum  
 Incipit. Exactis gravidæ quum mensibus errant,  
 Non illas gravibus quisquam juga ducere plaustis,  
 Non saltu superare viam sit passus, et acri  
 Carpere prata fugâ, fluviosque innare rapaces.  
 Saltibus in vacuis pascant, et plena secundùm  
 Flumina, muscus ubi, et viridissima gramine ripa,  
 Speluncæque tegant, et saxeæ procubet umbra.

Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem  
 Plurimus Alburnium volitans, cui nomen asilo  
 Romanum est, œstrum Graii vertêre vocantes;  
 Asper, acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita silvis  
 Diffugiunt armenta: furit mugitibus æther  
 Concussus, silvæque, et sicci ripa Tanagri.  
 Hoc quondam monstro horribiles exercuit iras  
 Inachiz Juno pestem meditata jüvençæ.  
 Hunc quoque, nam mediis fervoribus acrior instat,  
 Arcebis gravido pecori, armentaque pasces  
 Sole recens orto, aut noctem ducentibus astris.

Post partum, cura in vitulos traducitur omnis;  
 Continuòque notas et nomina gentis inurunt;  
 Et quos, aut pecori malint submittere habendo,  
 Aut aris servare sacros, aut scindere terram,  
 Et campum horrentem fractis invertere glebis:

Now, to the mother turn each tender care,  
 Ah! sooth her weakness, and the birth prepare.  
 Yoke not her neck by lightest toil subdu'd,  
 Nor give to rove the wild for scanty food,  
 To leap o'er rugged ways, or rashly breast  
 The flood that presses on her panting chest.  
 'Mid silent lawns and lonely pastures feed,  
 Where moss and grass luxuriant clothe the mead,  
 Full rivers lave the margin of the glade,  
 And sheltering caves and cooling rocks o'ershade.

Through Silarus' groves, or where dark ilex sheds  
 The grateful gloom that o'er Alburnus spreads,  
 The gad-fly sounds th' alarm; beneath her wing  
 The breeze shrill whizzes, and the forests ring:  
 Wild from their woods whole herds infuriate bound,  
 Air bellows, and Tanagra's rocks resound.  
 Such was the monster that horn'd Io drove,  
 And, wing'd from hell, aveng'd the wife of Jove.  
 Oh hide your pregnant herd, nor give to stray  
 What time the fury winds her noontide way;  
 But feed when first the sun-beam gilds the plain,  
 Or Hesper leads along his starry train.

The birth now o'er, thy calves new cares create:  
 Mark with hot brand their race and destin'd fate.  
 Religion, these shall doom to grace her shrine;  
 These, taming labour to the yoke incline;

Cetera pascuntur virides armenta per herbas.  
Tu quos ad studium atque usum formabis agrestem,  
Jam vitulos hortare, viamque insiste domandi,  
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis ætas.  
Ac primùm laxos tenui de vimine circlos  
Cervici subnecte ; dehinc, ubi libera colla  
Servitio assuêrint, ipsis e torquibus aptos  
Junge pares, et coge gradum conferre juvencos ;  
Atque illis jam sæpè rotæ ducantur inanes  
Per terram, et summo vestigia pulvere signent.  
Pòst valido nitens sub pondere faginus axis  
Instrepat, et junctos temo trahat æreus orbes.  
Interea pubi indomitæ non gramina tantùm,  
Nec vescas salicum frondes, ulvamque palustrem,  
Sed frumenta manu carpes sata : nec tibi fetæ,  
More patrum, nivea implebunt mulctraria vaccæ ;  
Sed tota in dulces consument ubera natos.  
Sin ad bella magis studium, turmasque feroces,  
Aut Alphea rotis prælabi flumina Pisæ,  
Et Jovis in luco currus agitare volantes ;



These, Hymen rear to renovate the breed ;  
 The rest, at pleasure, graze the verdant mead.  
 If labour claim, from tender childhood train  
 To bear the burden, and the yoke sustain.  
 First with loose wreath of pliant osier deck,  
 And circle, as in sport, their playful neck.  
 But when the steers, thus tam'd beneath thy sway,  
 Yield their free strength, and willingly obey,  
 Each well-match'd pair in withy collars place,  
 And balance, step by step, their equal pace :  
 Oft let them draw, unforc'd, the empty wain,  
 And lightly press the level of the plain ;  
 Then, yok'd to brazen poles, their vigour goad,  
 While beechen axles groan beneath the load.  
 Not with fresh grass alone, or marshy weed,  
 Or willowy leaves, the race unbroken feed ;  
 Still with their growth their rising strength sustain,  
 And strew with lavish hand the golden grain.  
 Nor thou, as once our ruder sires of old,  
 In flowing pails their plunder'd milk withhold,  
 Dare not kind Nature's liberal source restrain,  
 But let their lips at will the mother drain.

But if Bellona claim impetuous steeds,  
 And press to victory where the battle bleeds,  
 Or Fame, where Alpheus laves the field of Jove,  
 Urge the wing'd car amid th' Olympian grove ;

Primus equi labor est animos atque arma videre  
Bellantum, lituosque pati, tractuque gementem  
Ferre rotam, et stabulo frenos audire sonantes,  
Tum magis atque magis blandis gaudere magistri  
Laudibus, et plausæ sonitum cervicis amare.

Atque hæc jam primo depulsus ab ubere matris  
Audeat, inque vicem det mollibus ora capistris  
Invalidus, etiamque tremens, etiam inscius ævi.

At, tribus exactis, ubi quarta accesserit æstas,  
Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, gradibusque sonare  
Compositis, sinuetque alterna volumina crurum,  
Sitque laboranti similis; tum cursibus auras  
Tum vocet; ac per aperta volans, ceu liber habenis,  
Æquora, vix summâ vestigia ponat arenâ.

Qualis Hyperboreis Aquilo quum densus ab oris  
Incubuit, Scythiæque hiemes atque arida differt  
Nubila: tum segetes altæ campique natantes  
Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summæque sonorem  
Dant silvæ, longique urgent ad littora fluctus:  
Ille volat, simul arva fugâ, simul æquora verrens.

Hic vel ad Elei metas et maxima campi  
Sudabit spatia, et spumas aget ore cruentas;  
Belgica vel molli meliùs feret esseda collo.

Flash on his infant eye the blazing shield,  
 Pour on his ear the thunder of the field,  
 Sound the shrill trumpet, roll the iron car,  
 And rattle o'er his stall the reins of war;  
 Teach him to love thy praise, and proudly stand,  
 And arch his crest beneath thy flattering hand.  
 Wean'd from his dam, yet weak in youthful year  
 Thus train'd to martial sounds the courser rear;  
 Sooth with soft reins, nor dare his lip to wound  
 Till summer rolls her fourth-revolving round.  
 Then wheel in graceful orbs his pac'd career,  
 Let step by step in cadence strike the ear,  
 His flexile limbs in curves alternate prance,  
 And seem to labour as they slow advance:  
 Then give, uncheck'd, to fly with loosen'd rein,  
 Challenge the winds, and wing th' unprinted plain.  
 Thus Boreas, rushing fierce from Scythia's coast,  
 Bears on his wings dark Winter's gather'd host:  
 The undulating fields and billowy grain  
 Float in the breeze that bristles all the plain;  
 The high woods roar, long surges swell the deep,  
 While his fleet wings at once the earth and ocean sweep.

Round Elis' course, thus rear'd, the victor steed  
 Shall foam with blood, and triumph in his speed,  
 Or, fearless rushing 'mid the ranks of war,  
 O'er routed armies wheel the Belgic car.



Tum demum crassâ magnum farragine corpus  
 Crescere jam domitis sinito; namque ante domandum  
 Ingentes tollent animos; prensique negabunt  
 Verbera lenta pati, et duris parere lupatis.

Sed non ulla magis vires industria firmat,  
 Quàm venerem et cæci stimulos avertere amoris,  
 Sive boum, sive est cui gratior usus equorum.  
 Atque ideo tauros procul atque in sola relegant  
 Pascua, post montem oppositum, et trans flumina lata;  
 Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.  
 Carpit enim vires paulatim, uritque videndo,  
 Femina, nec nemorum patitur meminisse nec herbæ.  
 Dulcibus illa quidem illecebris et sæpè superbos  
 Cornibus inter se subigit decernere amantes.  
 Pascitur in magnâ silvâ formosa juvenca:  
 Illi alternantes multâ vi prælia miscent  
 Vulneribus crebris; lavit ater corpora sanguis,  
 Versaque in obnixos urgentur cornua vasto  
 Cum gemitu: reboant silvæque et longus olympus.  
 Nec mos bellantes unâ stabulare; sed alter  
 Victus abit, longèque ignotis exulat oris,

Now, train'd to will, and pliant to command,  
 Let generous grain his growing strength expand :  
 The pamp'ring steed, ere tam'd, each blow disdains,  
 Scorns the harsh curb, and grinds the galling reins.

But, to confirm their force, in youth remove  
 Thy steeds, and bullocks from destructive love.  
 Banish the bull in distant dells unseen,  
 Where rivers spread their torrent tide between,  
 Where intervening rocks prone cliffs oppose,  
 Or lonely stalls his sullen strength enclose.  
 He views the bride, each look new passion fires,  
 Slow wastes his strength, and melts with vain desires.  
 When noontide flames, forgetful of the shade,  
 His restless footsteps bruise th' untasted blade ;  
 And oft her wanton look and wily charm  
 The rival challengers to battle arm.  
 The beauteous heifer indolently roves,  
 And feeds at leisure 'mid luxuriant groves :  
 Onward they rush, and from alternate blows  
 Dark blood through gushing wounds the earth o'erflows.  
 Front clash'd on front their battering horns rebound,  
 Olympus bellows, and the woods resound.  
 The combat o'er, insatiate rage remains,  
 The vanquish'd exile roams o'er distant plains ;  
 Mourns o'er his shame, and each ignoble scar,  
 That marks th' insulting victor's might in war.

Multa gemens ignominiam, plagasque superbi  
Victoris, tum quos amisit inultus amores;  
Et stabula adspectans regnis excessit avitis.  
Ergo omni curâ vires exercet, et inter  
Dura jacet pernox instrato saxa cubili,  
Frondebis hirsutis et carice pastus acutâ:  
Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit,  
Arboris obnixus trunco; ventosque lacessit  
Ictibus, et sparsâ ad pugnam proludit arenâ.  
Pòst, ubi collectum robur viresque relectæ,  
Signa movet, præcepsque oblitum fertur in hostem:  
Fluctus uti medio cœpit quum albescere ponto  
Longiùs, ex altoque sinum trahit; utque, volutis  
Ad terras, immanè sonat per saxa, neque ipso  
Monte minor procumbit; at ima exæstuat unda  
Verticibus, nigramque altè subjectat arenam.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque, ferarumque,  
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,  
In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem.  
Tempore non alio catulorum oblita læna  
Sævior erravit campis: nec funera vulgò



And much he mourns, sad wanderer, forc'd to rove,  
 In battle unaveng'd, and lost to love,  
 And leave, oft turning ere he quits the plain,  
 The native honours of his proud domain.  
 Hence by long toils collecting all his might  
 He disciplines his strength to wage the fight :  
 Wears through each sleepless night his rocky bed,  
 And strays all day on prickly rushes fed :  
 Now tries, contending 'gainst th' invaded oak,  
 His iron horns, and batters stroke by stroke ;  
 Buts at the wind, and with impatient hoof,  
 Prelude of battle, whirls the earth aloof ;  
 Then, gathering all his vigour, seeks his foe,  
 Drives unexpected on, and levels at a blow.  
 Thus faintly seen along the distant deep,  
 Gleams the white wave, and heaves its surgy sweep,  
 Swells as it rolls, 'mid bellowing caverns roars,  
 And bursts a mountain on the delug'd shores :  
 Vex'd ocean boils, and, high in columns driven,  
 Whirls the dark sand, and clouds the face of heaven.

Thus all that wings the air and cleaves the flood,  
 Herds that or graze the plain or haunt the wood,  
 Rush to like flames, when kindred passions move,  
 And man and brute obey the pow'r of love.  
 The headlong lioness, by frenzy stung,  
 Then fiercer roams, regardless of her young :

Tam multa informes ursi stragemque dedêre  
 Per silvas : tum sævus aper, tum pessima tigris :  
 Heu ! malè tum Libyæ solis erratur in agris.  
 Nonne vides ut tota tremor pertentet equorum  
 Corpora, si tantùm notas odor attulit auras ?  
 Ac neque eos jam frena virûm, neque verbera sæva,  
 Non scopuli, rupesque cavæ, atque objecta retardant  
 Flumina, correptos undâ torquentia montes.  
 Ipse ruit, dentesque Sabellicus exacuit sus,  
 Et pede prosubigit terram, fricat arbore costas,  
 Atque hinc atque illinc humeros ad vulnera durat.

Quid juvenis magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem  
 Durus amor ? nempe abruptis turbata procellis  
 Nocte natat cæcâ serus freta : quem super ingens  
 Porta tonat cœli, et scopulis illisa reclamant  
 Æquora ; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,  
 Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

Quid lynces Bacchi variæ, et genus acre luporum,

Then hideous bears with slaughter strow the wood;  
 Then the grim tigress rages, gorg'd with blood;  
 And where 'mid Libyan sands the wanderers stray,  
 Woe! to the traveller on his lonely way.

Lo! where the steeds, all wild with joy, inhale  
 The well-known scent, and quiver in the gale;  
 Them nor fierce blows, rude bit, or galling rein,  
 Nor interposing crags or cliffs restrain,  
 Nor floods that wear the rock's o'erhanging sides,  
 And whirl the mountains down their torrent tides.  
 Prone darts the boar from deep Sabellian shades,  
 Whets his fierce tusks, the batter'd earth invades,  
 Wears the gnarl'd oak, and, rubbing to and fro,  
 Steels his tough shoulders, and invites the blow.

What dares not ardent youth, when love inspires,  
 Boils in his blood, and pours unsated fires?  
 Lonely at midnight, when the tempest raves,  
 Fearless he flings his bosom to the waves:  
 Above dire thunder rolls, seas boil below,  
 Round his pale head portentous lightnings glow;  
 Nor heaven, nor seas, nor roaring winds appal,  
 Nor billows breaking on the rocks recall,  
 Nor his deserted parents' boding cry,  
 Nor on his corse the virgin doom'd to die.

Why should I sing how furious dogs engage,  
 Wars that fierce wolves and spotted lynxes wage,



Atque canum? quid, quæ imbelles dant prælia cervi?  
 Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis equarum:  
 Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit, quo tempore Glauci  
 Potniades malis membra absumpsere quadrigæ.  
 Illas ducit amor trans Gargara, transque sonantem  
 Ascanium; superant montes, et flumina tranant.  
 Continuòque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,  
 Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus, illæ,  
 Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,  
 Exceptantque leves auras; et sæpè, sine ullis  
 Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!)  
 Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles  
 Diffugiunt, non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,  
 In Boream, Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster  
 Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore cœlum.  
 Hîc demum, hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt  
 Pastores, lentum destillat ab inguine virus:  
 Hippomanes, quod sæpè malæ legère novercæ,  
 Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba.  
 Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,  
 Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.  
 Hoc satis armentis. Superat pars altera curæ  
 Lanigeros agitare greges hirtasque capellas:

Or how, each native fear by love subdu'd,  
 Stags clash their antler'd brows, and bathe in blood?  
 But chief unbounded rage the mare inspires,  
 Venus herself there centres all her fires;  
 Such, as erst rag'd, when Potnian coursers tore  
 Sad Glaucus' limbs, and died their jaws in gore.  
 Love o'er Gargarian heights, Ascanian waves,  
 Climbs the steep mountain, and the torrent braves;  
 In spring-tide most, when kindling Nature reigns,  
 And warmth reviving throbs in fuller veins.  
 Lo! on the mountain brow the mares inhale  
 With fiery lip soft Zephyr's amorous gale;  
 And oft, unwedded, pregnant with the wind,  
 Scour o'er the cliffs, and leave the vales behind:  
 Not where bright Eurus blows, they shape their flight,  
 Not where the sun first pours the golden light,  
 But where keen Boreas dwells, or Auster shrouds  
 Heaven's gloomy cope, and chills with weeping clouds;  
 There, while the genial warmth their bosom fills,  
 The sov'reign philter, drop by drop, distils,  
 That, mixt with herbs, and crown'd with baleful spell,  
 Pluck'd by vile stepdames, drugs the bowl of hell.

But time irreparable flies away,  
 While in the maze of love we fondly stray.

Cease we of herds—new themes new cares require;  
 Rough goats and fleecy flocks the song inspire:

Hic labor; hinc laudem fortes sperate coloni.  
Nec sum animi dubius verbis ea vincere magnum  
Quàm sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.  
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis quàm nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.  
Nunc, veneranda Pales, magnò nunc ore sonandum.

Incipiens, stabulis edico in mollibus herbam  
Carpere oves, dum niox frondosa reducitur æstas;  
Et multâ duram stipulâ filicumque maniplis  
Sternere subter humum, glacies ne frigida lædat  
Molle pecus, scabiemque ferat, turpesque podagras.  
Pòst, hinc digressus, jubeo frondentia capris  
Arbuta sufficere, et fluvios præbere recentes;  
Et stabula a ventis hiberno opponere soli  
Ad medium conversa diem, quum frigidus olim  
Jam cadit, extremoque irrorat Aquarius anno.

Hæ quoque non curâ nobis leviorè tuendæ;  
Nec minor usus erit, quamvis Milesia magno  
Vellera mutantur, Tyrios incocta rubores,



Rough goats and flocks, ye swains, due notice claim ;  
Here fix your labours, here aspire to fame.

I, conscious of the toil, will strive to raise  
The lowly theme, and grace with labour'd lays :  
Tranc'd by sweet love, o'er unfrequented heights,  
Where no smooth trace to Castaly invites,  
I pierce the wild by mortal foot untrod,  
And lonely commune with th' Aonian God.

Now, venerable Pales ! raise the song :  
Goddess ! to thee the pastoral lays belong.  
First I ordain the fodder'd sheep to feed  
In shelt'ring cotes till summer shades the mead ;  
Oft o'er the rugged earth fresh stubble spread,  
And litter frequent fern beneath their tread,  
Lest piercing ice the tender cattle wound,  
Cramp their chill limbs, and spread contagion round.  
Next to the goats I turn : the arbutë bring,  
And draw fresh water from the fountain spring,  
And, fenc'd from bitter blasts, their stalls oppose  
Where full the noon-tide sun in winter glows,  
When cold Aquarius, as he quits the sphere,  
Turns his prone urn, and floods the parting year.

Swains ! tend the lowly goat : though scorn'd of fame,  
Their useful breed no slight protection claim.  
Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,  
And weigh with gold her robes in purple dy'd,

Densior hinc soboles, hinc largi copia lactis.  
 Quàm magis exhausto spumaverit ubere mulctra,  
 Læta magis pressis manabunt flumina mammis.  
 Nec miuùs interea barbas incanaque menta  
 Cinyphii tondent hirci, sætasque comantes,  
 Usus in castrorum, et miseris velamina nautis.  
 Pascuntur verò silvas, et summa Lycæi,  
 Horrentesque rubos, et amantes ardua dumos;  
 Atque ipsæ memores redeunt in tecta, suosque  
 Ducunt, et gravido superant vix ubere limen.  
 Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,  
 Quò minor est illis curæ mortalis egestas,  
 Avertes; victumque feres et virgea lætus  
 Pabula, nec totâ claudes foenilia brumâ.  
 At verò, zephyris quum læta vocantibus æstas  
 In saltus utrumque gregem atque in pascua mittet;  
 Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura  
 Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,  
 Et ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ.

Thou tell thy goats, what countless swarms abound !  
 Lo ! milk in gushing tides o'erflows the ground !  
 The more th' insatiate pails new loads demand,  
 New floods exhaustless froth beneath thy hand.  
 Cloth'd in their shaven beards and hoary hair,  
 Fence of the ocean spray, and nightly air,  
 The miserable seaman breasts the main,  
 And camps uninjur'd press the marshy plain.  
 By day, unwatch'd, they crop their distant food,  
 Thorns of the rock, and brakes that shag the wood,  
 Mindful at night return without a guide,  
 And lead their kids that bound on either side,  
 While their swoln dugs, distended with their store,  
 Scarce pass the threshold of thy shelt'ring door.  
 The less their wants, the more each want supply,  
 Nor with harsh scorn their little claims deny !  
 Oh ! shield them from the ice and drifting snows,  
 Beneath thy roof their tender limbs repose,  
 Scatter their sylvan food, nor day by day  
 Refuse, all winter long, their dole of hay.  
 When Spring invites, and Zephyr fans the mead,  
 Alike both flocks to glades and pastures lead,  
 While the bright star, fair harbinger of day,  
 Gems the gray rime that silvers o'er their way.  
 Fresh the fair prime, and sweet at vernal dawn  
 To sip the dew-drops that impearl the lawn.



Inde, ubi quarta sitim cœli collegerit hora,  
Et cantu querulæ rumpent arbusta cicadæ,  
Ad puteos aut alta greges ad stagna jubeto  
Currentem ilignis potare canalibus undam :  
Æstibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem,  
Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus  
Ingentes tendat ramos, aut sicubi nigrum  
Ilicibus crebris sacrâ nemus accubet umbrâ :  
Tum tenues dare rursus aquas, et pascere rursus,  
Solis ad occasum, quum frigidus aëra vesper  
Temperat, et saltus reficit jam roscida luna,  
Littoraque alcyonem resonant, acalanthida dumi.

Quid tibi pastores Libyæ, quid pascua versu  
Prosequar, et raris habitata mapalia tectis ?  
Sæpè diem noctemque, et totum ex ordine mensem,  
Pascitur itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis  
Hospitiis : tantùm campi jacet ! Omnia secum  
Armentarius Afer agit, tectumque, laremque,  
Armaque, Amyclæumque canem, Cressamque pharetram.  
Non secùs ac patriis acer Romanus in armis  
Injusto sub fasce viam quum carpit, et hosti  
Ante expectatum positus stat in agmine castris.

But when the sun's bright beams fierce radiance fling,  
 And the loud woods with shrill cicadas ring,  
 Haste, to deep wells and spreading waters guide,  
 Or oaken troughs by living rills supplied.  
 When noon-tide flames, down cool sequester'd glades  
 Lead, where some giant oak the dell o'ershades,  
 Or where the gloom of many an ilex throws  
 The sacred darkness that invites repose.  
 When sinks the sun beneath the purple main,  
 Rills and refreshing meads delight again;  
 Then Vesper stilly breathes the temperate gale,  
 Cool dewy moon-beams gleam along the vale,  
 Responsive shores the halcyon's note prolong,  
 And woodland echoes swell the linnet's song.

Why should my verse recount the Libyan swains,  
 And huts thin strown along the wide champaigns?  
 Morn after morn, and night succeeding night,  
 Through all the changes of the lunar light,  
 Where-e'er their flocks 'mid houseless deserts stray,  
 And wander o'er th' illimitable way,  
 The Libyan shepherds bear, as on they roam,  
 Their arms, their dog, their bow, their God, their home.  
 Not otherwise, in arms, untaught to yield,  
 Rome's burden'd soldiers seek the iron field,  
 And fix, ere fame's swift voice prevents their way,  
 'Mid unsuspecting hosts their war array.

At non quæ Scythiæ gentes, Mæotique unda,  
Turbidus et torquens flaventes Hister arenas,  
Quaque redit medium Rhodope porrecta sub axem.  
Illic clausa tenent stabulis armenta; neque ullæ  
Aut herbæ campo apparent, aut arbore frondes:  
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis et alto  
Terra gelu latè, septemque assurgit in ulnas;  
Semper hiems, semper spirantes frigora cauri.  
Tum sol pallentes haud umquam discutit umbras,  
Nec quum invectus equis altum petit æthera, nec quum  
Præcipitem Oceani rubro lavit æquore currum.  
Concrescunt subitæ currenti in flumine crustæ,  
Undaque jam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,  
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hospita plaustris:  
Æraque dissiliunt vulgò, vestesque rigescunt  
Indutæ, cæduntque securibus humida vina,  
Et totæ solidam in glaciem vertère lacunæ,  
Stiriaque impexis induruit horrida barbis.  
Interea toto non seciùs aëre ningit:  
Intereunt pecudes; stant circumfusa pruinis  
Corpora magna boum; confertoque agmine cervi  
Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus exstant.



But where Mæotis Scythia's waste divides,  
And turbid Ister rolls his yellow tides,  
And Rhodope, o'er many a realm outspread,  
Turns to the pole, and bends her craggy bed;  
There stalls enclose the herds that never stray,  
No grass the field, no leaves the wood array,  
But earth lies hid by ridgy drifts opprest,  
And snow, sev'n ells in height, deforms her breast.  
There blasts that freeze, and winter, ever dwell;  
Mist and eternal fog the sun repel;  
Whether his fiery steeds high heav'n ascend,  
Or westering to the wave, his chariot bend.  
Prone floods suspended in mid course congeal,  
Fix'd ocean rattles to the iron wheel,  
Where tossing vessels cross'd the billowy main,  
O'er the smooth ice swift glides the loaded wain;  
Brass snaps in sunder, and th' infolding vest  
Hardens like mail, and stiffens on the breast.  
There crystal chains at once whole pools confine,  
And hatchets cleave the congelated wine;  
Breath palpable to touch at once descends,  
And rigid ice from matted beards depends.  
Meanwhile o'er all the air snows press on snows,  
And the large limbs of stateliest bulls enclose;  
Numb'd with new weight, and press'd in droves, the deer  
Scarce o'er the mass their topmost antlers rear;

Hos non immissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,  
Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pinnæ;  
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem  
Comminus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentes  
Cædunt, et magno læti clamore reportant.

Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub altâ  
Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robera, totasque  
Advolvère focis ulmos, ignique dedêre.  
Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti  
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis,  
Talis Hyperboreo septem subjecta trioni  
Gens effrena virûm Rhipæo tunditur euro,  
Et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora sætis.

Si tibi lanitium curæ, primùm aspera silva,  
Lappæque tribulique absint; fuge pabula læta;  
Continuòque greges villis lege mollibus albos.  
Illum autem, quamvis aries sit candidus ipse,  
Nigra subest udo tantùm cui lingua palato  
Rejice, ne maculis infuscet vellera pullis  
Nascentum; plenoque alium circumspice campo.  
Munere sic niveo lanæ, si credere dignum est,  
Pan, deus Arcadiæ, captam te, Luna, fefellit,

Nor toils their flight impede, nor hounds o'ertake,  
 Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake;  
 But while in vain, beneath the load opprest,  
 They heave the mount that gathers on their breast,  
 Them, front to front, at will the murderers slay,  
 Shout to their groan, and bear the spoil away.  
 There, while delv'd caves their shelter'd limbs enclose,  
 The hords in careless indolence repose,  
 O'er fires undying oaks gigantic raise,  
 And scorn the distant sun's forgotten blaze,  
 Mock with harsh fruit the grape's nectarous bowls,  
 While half the year one long carousal rolls.  
 Beneath the polar sky's keen fury cast,  
 Cut by the snow and rude Rhipæan blast,  
 Shagg'd with the yellow skins that crown'd their chase,  
 Thus live the wild barbarians' lawless race.

Is wool thy care? from thorns the flock restrain,  
 The wood too rough, and too luxuriant plain;  
 Soft let the fleece in silver tresses flow,  
 And fair the sire as flakes of falling snow:  
 But if dark hues his tongue and palate stain,  
 Drive the lone exile from thy spotless train,  
 Lest the dim blemish that the sire defil'd  
 Infect the fleece, and taint the motley child.  
 Thus once, if rightly bards the song attune,  
 Pan way'd the snowy wool that lur'd the Moon;



In nemora alta vocans : nec tu aspernata vocantem.

At cui lactis amor, cytisum lotosque frequentes  
Ipse manu salsasque ferat præsepibus herbas.  
Hinc et amant fluvios magis, ac magis ubera tendunt,  
Et salis occultum referunt in lacte saporem.  
Multi jam excretos prohibent a matribus hædos,  
Primaque ferratis præfigunt ora capistris.  
Quod surgente die mulsero ; horisque diurnis,  
Nocte premunt ; quod jam tenebris et sole cadente,  
Sub lucem exportans calathis adit oppida pastor ;  
Aut parco sale contingunt, hiemique reponunt.

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema ; sed una  
Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum,  
Pasce sero pingui : numquam custodibus illis  
Nocturnum stabulis furem, incursusque luporum,  
Aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Hiberos.  
Sæpè etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,  
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas :  
Sæpè volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros  
Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos  
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.

Nor when the wanton woo'd thee to the grove,  
Didst thou, fair Cynthia! scorn the bribe of love.

Is milk thy care? the frequent lotus fling,  
And fragrant cytissus that breathes of spring;  
Salt the full crib; the flock, with salt supplied,  
Shall slightly temper the nectareous tide,  
With keener thirst seek rills that never fail,  
And load with ceaseless streams th' o'erflowing pail.  
Some from their dams the suckling kids restrain,  
And round their lips the iron muzzle chain.  
Milk, that the dawn and daily hours afford,  
Crowns, press'd at night, the shepherd's frugal board:  
Each morn, from nightly milk fresh cheeses made,  
Borne to near towns supply their bartering trade;  
Or plac'd apart, and slightly salted o'er,  
For wintry feasts provide a plenteous store.

Nor slight thy dogs, on whey the mastiffs feed,  
Molossian race, and hounds of Spartan breed;  
Beneath their sleepless eye repose in peace,  
No wolf, the shepherd gone, shall thin thy fleece,  
No thief by night invade thy lonely home,  
Nor round thy haunts the wild Iberian roam.  
Go, the fleet hare and flying hind pursue,  
Rous'd from deep fens the bristly boar subdue,  
Urge the tall stag along th' aërial height,  
And, shouting, press within thy toils his flight.

Disce et odoratam stabulis accendere cedrum,  
Galbanecoque agitare graves nidore chelydros.  
Sæpè sub immotis præsepibus aut mala tactu  
Vipera delituit, cœlumque exterrita fugit ;  
Aut tecto assuetus coluber succedere et umbræ,  
Pestis acerba boum, pecorique aspergere virus,  
Fovit humum : cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor ;  
Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentem  
Dejice : jamque fugâ timidum caput abdidit altè,  
Quum medii nexus extremæque agmina caudæ  
Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.

Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus anguis,  
Squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga,  
Atque notis longam maculosus grandibus alvum :  
Qui, dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus, et dum  
Vere madent udo terræ ac pluvialibus austris,  
Stagna colit ; ripisque habitans hîc piscibus atram  
Improbis ingluviem ranisque loquacibus explet.  
Postquam exusta palus, terræque ardore dehiscunt,  
Exsilit in siccum, et, flammantia lumina torquens,  
Sævitur agris, asperque siti, atque exterritus æstu.



With cedar scent the fumigated walls,  
 And search with galbanum th' infected stalls.  
 Hid by huge cribs, unseen of every eye,  
 There, death to touch, insidious vipers lie ;  
 There lurk, familiar to the household shed,  
 Snakes that on herds and flocks swift poison spread.  
 Haste, haste ! with ponderous stones and clubs of oak  
 Crush his fierce crest uprising to the stroke,  
 Now while he threatens, and hissing to the fight  
 Swells his vast neck, and tow'rs his balanc'd height.  
 Lo ! where the pest, in sudden terror fled,  
 While earth has clos'd on his inglorious head,  
 Slacks his mid folds, and, length'ning all his spires,  
 With gradual trail the last loose coil retires.

Beneath the covert of Calabria's shade  
 A baleful serpent haunts the woodland glade,  
 High rolls his scaly back, and many a stain  
 Spots his long paunch that trails along the plain :  
 While rivers foam with overflowing springs,  
 And Auster floods the earth with wat'ry wings,  
 He wastes the pools, and, with insatiate jaw,  
 Swells with gorg'd frogs and fish his famish'd maw :  
 But when the dusty fen's wide clefts expand,  
 Wild with fierce thirst he leaps upon the land,  
 Lashes the earth beneath his iron fold,  
 And glares with flaming eye in frenzy roll'd.

Ne mihi tum molles sub divo carpere somnos,  
Neu dorso nemoris libeat jacuisse per herbas,  
Quum, positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ,  
Volvitur, aut, catulos tectis aut ova relinquens,  
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis!

Morborum quoque te causas et signa docebo.

Turpis oves tentat scabies, ubi frigidus imber  
Altiùs ad vivum persedit, et horrida cano  
Bruma gelu; vel quum tonsis illotus adhæsit  
Sudor, et hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres.  
Dulcibus idcirco fluviis pecus omne magistri  
Perfundunt; udisque aries in gurgite villis  
Mersatur, missusque secundo defluit amni:  
Aut tonsum tristi contingunt corpus amurcâ,  
Et spumas miscent argenti, vivaque sulfura,  
Idæasque pices, et pingues unguine ceras,  
Scillamque, elleborosque graves, nigrumque bitumen.  
Non tamen ulla magis præsens fortuna laborum est,  
Quàm si quis ferro potuit rescindere summum  
Ulceris os: alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo,

Oh ! Heav'n avert, that e'er in slumber laid  
 I stretch my limbs along the leafy glade,  
 When, cast his slough, and scorn'd his famish'd young,  
 Radiant in prime of life he rolls along,  
 Or tow'ring to the sun, erect in ire,  
 Vibrates his triple tongue that streams with fire.

Now shall experience to th' attentive swain  
 The cause and sign of each disease explain.  
 Contagion taints the flock, when icy rains  
 Cut to the quick, and pierce their inmost veins,  
 Or hoary frost their bodies bristles round,  
 Or thorns with fest'ring anguish inly wound,  
 Or sweat, unwash'd, adhesive crusts all o'er  
 The new-shorn skin, and cakes th' obstructed pore.  
 Hence oft the swain his bleating cattle laves,  
 Plung'd o'er and o'er beneath salubrious waves,  
 Hurls the bold ram amid the eddying tide,  
 And down the current floats his fleecy pride.  
 And oft he smears the flock with lees of oil,  
 Scum that o'erflows when silver bubbles boil,  
 Mixt with dark pitch from Ida's piny wood,  
 Asphaltus floating on the slimy flood,  
 Strong hellebore, live sulphur, sea-born squills,  
 And molten wax, that drop by drop distils.  
 More blest his skill, who dares with knife profound  
 Search the deep sore, and bare the hidden wound ;



Dum medicas adhibere manus ad vulnera pastor  
Abnegat, aut meliora deos sedet omina poscens.  
Quin etiam, ima dolor balantum lapsus ad ossa  
Quum furit, atque artus depascitur arida febris,  
Profuit incensos æstus avertere, et inter  
Ima ferire pedis salientem sanguine venam,  
Bisaltæ quo more solent, acerque Gelonus,  
Quum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deserta Getarum,  
Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino.

Quam procul aut molli succedere sæpiùs umbræ  
Videris, aut summas carpentem ignaviùs herbas,  
Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo  
Pascentem, et seræ solam decedere nocti;  
Continuò culpam ferro compesce, priusquam  
Dira per incautum serpant contagia vulgus.  
Non tam creber agens hiemem ruit æquore turbo,  
Quàm multæ pecudum pestes: nec singula morbi  
Corpora corripunt, sed tota æstiva repentè,  
Spemque gregemque simul, cunctamque ab origine  
gentem.

Tum sciat, ærias Alpes et Norica si quis  
Castella in tumulis, et Iapydis arva Timavi,  
Nunc quoque pòst tanto videat, desertaque regna  
Pastorum, et longè saltus latèque vacantes.

He hourly kills, whose lingering pity spares,  
 And wearies heaven with unavailing prayers ;  
 Death mines unseen, while sunk in slow decay,  
 And, inly wasting, Nature wears away.  
 When torture strikes the bones, and feverish fires  
 Scorch, as in pangs the bleating wretch expires,  
 Lance, where beneath the foot wild pulses beat,  
 The throbbing vein, and cool th' internal heat ;  
 Hereditary art, from sire to son,  
 By fierce Bisaltæ and Geloni known,  
 When the wild hords o'er Thracia's waste pursu'd,  
 Drink, mixt with curdled milk, their horses' blood.

Soon as thou view'st a sheep that haunts the shade,  
 Or crops with lazy tongue the topmost blade,  
 Or stretch'd at length with listless leisure feeds,  
 And late and lonely quits at night the meads,  
 Slay with swift knife, th' invading plague restrain,  
 Ere wing'd contagion wastes th' unwary train.  
 Less frequent tempests surge th' infuriate deep,  
 Than pest on pest invades the ravag'd sheep :  
 Fate strikes not here and there some lonely head,  
 But rides the tainted blast, and all are dead.  
 Cast o'er Timavus' meads thy mournful sight,  
 O'er Alps, and forts that crown the Noric height,  
 How wide the waste ! where flocks and shepherds spread,  
 The cot unpeopled, and the lawn unfed.

Hic quondam morbo coeli miseranda coorta est  
Tempestas, totoque autumnu incanduit æstu,  
Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum,  
Corruptique lacus, infecit pabula tabo.  
Nec via mortis erat simplex; sed ubi ignea venis  
Omnibus acta sitis miseros adduxerat artus,  
Rursus abundabat fluidus liquor, omniaque in se  
Ossa minutatim morbo collapsa trahebat.  
Sæpè in honore deum medio stans hostia ad aram,  
Lanea dum niveâ circumdatur infula vittâ,  
Inter cunctantes cecidit moribunda ministros.  
Aut si quam ferro mactaverat antè sacerdotes,  
Inde neque impositis ardent altaria fibris,  
Nec responsa potest consultus reddere vates;  
At vix suppositi tinguntur sanguine cultri,  
Summaque jejuna sanie infusatur arena.  
Hinc lætis vituli vulgò moriuntur in herbis,  
Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt.  
Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit; et quatit ægros  
Tussis anhela sues, ac faucibus angit obesis.  
Labitur, infelix studiorum, atque immemor herbæ,  
Victor equus, fontesque avertitur, et pede terram  
Crebra ferit: demissæ aures; incertus ibidem



There baleful Pestilence o'er æther cast  
 Her spotted wings, and fir'd th' autumnal blast,  
 Smote all that graz'd the field or rang'd the wood,  
 Scorch'd every plain, and poison'd every flood.  
 Dire was the death; for when th' internal flame  
 Had shrunk the veins, and parch'd the shrivell'd frame,  
 Infected moisture flow'd, and day by day  
 Sap'd the soft bones, that piece-meal ooz'd away.  
 Oft, while the snowy fillet wreath'd his head,  
 The votive bull, before the altar led,  
 Ere yet the knife descending smote his brow  
 'Mid lingering Flamens dropt without a blow.  
 Or if the victim sunk beneath the wound,  
 No altars blaz'd with hallow'd entrails crown'd.  
 Vainly to sullen Gods the Priest complains,  
 And speechless Augurs weep 'mid silent fanes:  
 The blood scarce reddens, while the wound yet reeks,  
 And putrid gore the sand's light surface streaks.  
 Calves 'mid rich fields and flow'ry pastures fall,  
 Loath the full crib, and perish in the stall;  
 Convulsions shake the swine's obstructed breath,  
 And the fond dog, infuriate, foams in death.  
 Forgetful of his fame, the victor steed  
 Leaves the translucent rill and flow'ry mead:  
 Loose flap his ears, his hoof oft beats the ground,  
 His wasted limbs in fitful sweats are drown'd;

Sudor, et ille quidem moriturus frigidus : aret  
Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.  
Hæc ante exitium primis dant signa diebus :  
Sin in processu cœpit crudescere morbus,  
Tum verò ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto  
Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo  
Ilia singultu tendunt ; ita naribus ater  
Sanguis, et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.  
Profuit inserto latices infundere cornu  
Lenæos : ea visa salus morientibus una.  
Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio, furiisque relecti  
Ardebant ; ipsique suos, jam morte sub ægrâ,  
(Dî meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum !)  
Discissos nudis laniabant dentibus artus.

Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus  
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem,  
Extremosque ciet gemitus : ita tristis arator,  
Mærentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencum,  
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.

Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt  
Prata movere animum, non qui per saxa volutus  
Purior electro campum petit amnis : at ima

Sweats that, as dying pangs the victim seize,  
 Chill every pore, and life's slow current freeze.  
 On his dry skin the hairs in bristles stand,  
 Rise to the touch, and roughen on the hand.  
 Such the first signs : but as the pest drew near,  
 More horrid symptoms mark'd his dire career ;  
 The eye-ball glares, deep breath with hollow tone  
 Heaves the long flanks, and bursts with frequent groan.  
 The tongue furr'd o'er th' obstructed palate fills,  
 And from the nostrils sable blood distils,  
 Wine, pour'd thro' horns, that seem'd to sooth the pest,  
 But lull'd awhile to transitory rest.  
 Soon, rous'd to vengeance, with recruited ire,  
 The monster rag'd, and wing'd th' internal fire,  
 While with bare teeth the courser madly tore  
 His limbs in death, and bath'd his jaws in gore.  
 At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,  
 Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke :  
 He groans his last :—the melancholy swain  
 Leaves the fix'd plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,  
 And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye  
 Beholds with fond regret a brother die.  
 Him, nor repose can sooth in forest shades,  
 Nor dewy pasture 'mid luxuriant glades,  
 Nor streams that, roll'd o'er rocks, through grassy plains  
 More pure than amber wind their crystal trains.



Solvuntur latera, atque oculos stupor urget inertes,  
Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.  
Quid labor aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras  
Invertisse graves; atqui non Massica Bacchi  
Munera, non illis epulæ nocuere repostæ:  
Frondebis et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ;  
Pocula sunt fontes liquidi, atque exercita cursu  
Flumina; nec somnos abrumpit cura salubres.

Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus illis  
Quæsitæ ad sacra boves Junonis, et uris  
Imparibus ductos alta ad donaria currus.  
Ergo ægre rastris terram rimantur, et ipsis  
Unguibus infodiunt fruges, montesque per altos  
Contentâ cervice trahunt stridentia plaustra,

Non lupus insidias explorat ovilia circum,  
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat; acrior illum  
Cura domat: timidi damæ cervique fugaces  
Nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur.  
Jam maris immensi prolem et genus omne natantum  
Littore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus  
Proluit: insolitæ fugiunt in flumina phocæ.

His glaz'd eye droops, each flaccid flank extends,  
 And prone to earth his ponderous neck descends.  
 Ah ! what avails his unremitted toil  
 And patient strength that tam'd th' unwilling soil ?  
 Yet his pure lip from feasts of blood refrain'd,  
 Yet no crush'd grape his draught with poison stain'd ;  
 The leaf, the herb, the grass his simple food,  
 His drink the lucid fount and living flood :  
 No care corroded, nor disturbing woes  
 Broke the deep stillness of his calm repose.

That time no consecrated bulls were found  
 To lead at Juno's feast the pomp around,  
 But buffaloes ill-pair'd, unequal strain'd,  
 While low'ring Heav'n th' imperfect rites disdain'd.  
 The o'erwearied hind slow rak'd th' unfurrow'd plain,  
 And buried with his nails the golden grain :  
 Man yok'd with man, along the rocky road  
 Drag'd the shrill wain, and strain'd beneath the load.

The famish'd wolf, by fiercer pangs subdu'd,  
 Nor heeds the fold, nor prowls for nightly food ;  
 The timorous does 'mid hounds securely rest,  
 And the stag haunts the roof, a willing guest.  
 Cast on the strand infected shoals on shoals  
 Like shipwreck'd corpses ocean slowly rolls :  
 Unwonted Phocæ fly their native tide,  
 And 'mid strange rivers strive their fears to hide.

Interit et curvis frustra defensa latebris  
Vipera, et attoniti squamis adstantibus hydri.  
Ipsis est aër avibus non æquus, et illæ  
Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.  
Præterea jam nec mutari pabula refert,  
Quæsitæque nocent artes: cessere magistri,  
Phillyrides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus.  
Sævit et in lucem Stygiis emissa tenebris  
Pallida Tisiphone, Morbos agit antè Metumque,  
Inque dies avidum surgens caput altiùs effert.  
Balatu pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes  
Arentesque sonant ripæ, collesque supini.  
Jamque catervatim dat stragem, atque aggerat ipsis  
In stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera tabo;  
Donec humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discunt.  
Nam neque erat coriis usus; nec viscera quisquam  
Aut undis abolere potest, aut vincere flammâ;  
Ne tondere quidem morbo illuvieque peresa  
Vellera; nec telas possunt attingere putres.  
Verùm etiam invisos si quis tentârat amictus,  
Ardentes papulæ, atque immundus olëntia sudor  
Membra sequebatur: nec longo deinde moranti  
Tempore contactos artus sacer ignis edebat.

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Fenc'd in their caves in vain the vipers lie,  
Astonish'd hydras rear their scales, and die :  
And birds that press their flight before the wind  
Fall in mid air, and leave their lives behind.  
No change of place or pasture respite gave,  
And baleful every art once known to save.  
Fam'd sires of med'cine, Chiron long renown'd,  
And wise Melampus, fly the fatal ground.  
Tisiphone, from Stygian darkness driven,  
Raves in mid air, and blasts the works of heaven ;  
Before her drives Disease and wild Affright,  
Lifts day by day her head, and tow'rs to boundless height,  
From bleating flocks a mournful murmur fills  
The streams, and withering banks and tainted hills,  
Now herds on herds in death confus'dly fall,  
And swell the putrid mass from stall to stall,  
Ere use had taught to hide beneath the ground  
The buried corse, or plunge in pits profound.  
Through fire, through flood, contagion inly cleaves,  
No shepherd sheers the fleece, no virgin weaves :  
But the bold wretch, who vengeful heaven defied,  
And rashly handled the infected hide,  
Wasted away, with boils empurpled o'er,  
And bath'd in sweat that poison'd every pore ;  
Till, through each limb diffus'd, th' accursed flame  
Erelong consum'd the pestilential frame.

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# GEORGICS.

## BOOK IV.



# GEORGE

## BOOK IV

#### ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Virgil opens his Fourth Book, on the Management of Bees, by a brief notice of its subject—He then claims the attention of Mæcenas to a theme, in itself seemingly trivial, by announcing his design of enlarging on the wonderful actions, instincts, offices, and battles of the bees—He begins by pointing out a proper station for the hive, and enumerates what may be hurtful and what advantageous in different situations—He then treats of the structure of the hive—of the swarming of the bees—of their preparations for war—of their encounter—of the external marks which distinguish the different species—of the means of preventing them from deserting their station, and of alluring them to their accustomed haunts—As for this latter purpose he had recommended the culture of their favourite plants and flowers, he naturally digresses to the subject of the cultivation of gardens in general, and to the skill and industry of the old Corycian planter—He now expatiates on the economy and polity of the bees, and enumerates their various distinctive offices conducive to the public weal—Thence he mentions the renewal of their race, and their obedience to their kings—He then remarks, that from various instances of the sagacity of these insects, some have supposed them to be endowed with a portion of the Divine mind—and this induces a brief and beautiful account of the Platonic system—He next mentions the proper seasons for taking the honey—then the manner of treating the hives in which the honey has been left for the support of the bees in winter—then their diseases and remedies, and how their total loss may be repaired by new swarms generated from the putrid carcasses of bullocks—This introduces the fable of Aristæus, to whom that secret had been divinely imparted; and in this fable he skilfully interweaves, in inimitable poetry, the mythological tale of Orpheus and Eurydice—and thus he completes the Georgics, with the mention of his own name, as author of the poem, and with information of the time and place of its composition.

## GEORGICA.

### LIBER QUARTUS.

V. 1—11.

**P**ROTEUS aërii mellis cœlestia dona

Exsequar : hanc etiam, Mæcenas, adspice partem.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,

Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis

Mores, et studia, et populos, et prœlia, dicam.

In tenui labor ; at tenuis non gloria, si quem

Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda,

Quò neque sit ventis aditus (nam pabula venti

Ferre domum prohibent), neque oves hædique petulci

Floribus insultent, aut errans bucula campo



# GEORGICS.

## BOOK IV.

### VERSE 1—16.

Now while th' ærial honey's nectar dews,  
Gift of a God, once more, invite the Muse,  
Mæcenas ! yet again, with fond regard  
Crown the long labours of thy votive bard.  
Worthy of wonder, here at large I trace  
Th' unfolded genius of the insect race,  
Their chiefs illustrious, and th' embattled field,  
Manners and arts that peaceful studies yield.  
The lowly theme shall claim no vulgar praise,  
If Phœbus deign to hear th' invoking lays.

First, seek a station where no ruthless gale  
Dares the still hive and shelter'd bees assail :  
Lest, as they homeward droop, o'erdone with toil,  
Inclement blasts their loaded flight despoil ;  
Far from the sheep that wasted earth devour,  
The wanton kids that bound from flower to flower,

Decutiat rorem, et surgentes atterat herbas.  
Absint et picti squalentia terga lacerti  
Pinguibus a stabulis, meropesque, aliæque volucres ;  
Et manibus Procne pectus signata cruentis.  
Omnia nam latè vastant, ipsasque volantes  
Ore ferunt, dulcem nidis immitibus escam.  
At liquidi fontes et stagna virentia musco  
Adsint, et tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus,  
Palmaque vestibulum aut ingens oleaster inumbret ;  
Ut, quum prima novi ducent examina reges  
Vere suo, ludetque favis emissa Juventus,  
Vicina invitet decedere ripa calori,  
Obviaque hospitii teneat frondentibus arbos.  
In medium, seu stabit iners, seu profluet humor,  
Transversas salices et grandia conjice saxa ;  
Pontibus ut crebris possint consistere, et alas  
Pandere ad æstivum solem ; si fortè morantes  
Sparserit, aut præceps neptuno immerserit eurus.  
Hæc circum casia virides, et olentia latè  
Serpylla, et graviter spirantis copia thymbrae  
Floreat ; irriguumque bibant violaria fontem.

Heifers whose roving steps the meadow bruise,  
And dash from springing herbs nectareous dew.  
There let no lizard arm'd with burnish'd scale,  
Merops or bird of prey their walls assail,  
Nor Procne haunt, whose conscious plumes attest  
The blood-stain'd hand imprinted on her breast.  
These widely waste, and, seiz'd upon the wing,  
To feed their nests the bee in triumph bring.  
But there let pools invite with moss array'd,  
Clear fount and rill that purls along the glade,  
Palms o'er their porch a grateful gloom extend,  
And the wild olive's shelt'ring boughs defend.  
There when new kings the swarms at springtide lead,  
And bursting myriads gladden all the mead,  
Dim banks at noon may lure to cool repose,  
And trees with hospitable arms enclose.  
If sleep the stagnant pools, or currents flow,  
Huge stones and willows 'mid the water throw ;  
That if a breeze across their passage sweep,  
And headlong drive the loiterer to the deep,  
On many a bridge the bee may safely stand,  
And his wet plumes to summer suns expand.  
There all her sweets let savoury exhale,  
Thyme breathe her soul of fragrance on the gale,  
In dulcet streams her roots green casia lave,  
And beds of violets drink at will the wave.



Ipsa autem, seu corticibus tibi suta cavatis,  
Seu lento fuerint alvearia vimine texta,  
Angustos habeant aditus: nam frigore mella  
Cogit hiems, eademque calor liquefacta remittit:  
Utraque vis apibus pariter metuenda: neque illæ  
Nequidquam in tectis certatim tenuia cerâ  
Spiramenta linunt, fucoque et floribus oras  
Explant, collectumque hæc ipsa ad munera gluten  
Et visco et Phrygiæ servant picæ lentius Idæ.  
Sæpè etiam effossis, si vera est fama, latebris  
Sub terrâ fovère larem, penitùsque repertæ  
Pumicibusque cavis, exesæque arboris antro.  
Tu tamen e levi rimosa cubilia limo  
Unge fovens circùm, et raras superinjice frondes.  
Neu propiùs tectis taxum sine, neve rubentes  
Ure foco caneros; altæ neu crede paludi,  
Aut ubi odor cœni gravis, aut ubi concava pulsu  
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.

Alike, if hollow cork their fabric form,  
Or flexile twigs enclose the settled swarm,  
With narrow entrance guard the shelter'd cell,  
And summer suns and wintry blasts repel.  
Dire each extreme: or winter eakes with cold,  
Or summer melts the comb to fluid gold.  
Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,  
And smear the chinks that open to the air,  
With flow'rs and fucus close each pervious pore,  
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.  
Stor'd for this use they hive the clammy dew,  
And load their garner with tenacious glue,  
As birdlime thick, or pitch that slow distils  
In loitering drops on Ida's pine-crown'd hills.  
And oft ('tis said) they delve beneath the earth,  
And nurse in gloomy caves their hidden birth,  
Amid the crumbling stone's dark concave dwell,  
Or hang in hollow trees their airy cell.  
Thou aid their toil! with mud their walls o'erlay,  
And lightly shade the roof with leafy spray.  
There let no yew its baleful shadow cast,  
Nor crabs on glowing embers taint the blast;  
Far from their roof deep fens that poison breathe,  
Thick fogs that float from beds of mud beneath,  
Caves from whose depth redoubled echoes rise,  
And rock to rock in circling shout replies.

Quod superest, ubi pulsam hiemem sol aureus egit  
Sub terras, cœlumque æstivâ luce reclusit,  
Illæ continuò saltus silvasque peragrant,  
Purpureosque metunt flores, et flumina libant  
Summa leves. Hinc, nescio quâ dulcedine lætæ,  
Progeniem nidosque foveat : hinc arte recentes  
Excudunt ceras, et mella tenacia fingunt.

Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera cœli  
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspexeris agmen,  
Obscuramque trahi vento mirabere nubem,  
Contemplator ; aquas dulces et frondea semper  
Tecta petunt. Huc tu jussos asperge saporés,  
Trita melisphylla, et cerinthæ ignobile gramen :  
Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.  
Ipsæ consident medicatis sedibus ; ipsæ  
Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.

Sin autem ad pugnam exierint (nam sæpè duobus  
Regibus incessit magno discordia motu),  
Continuòque animos vulgi et trepidantia bello  
Corda licet longè præsciscere ; namque morantes



Now when the sun beneath the realms of night  
Dark winter drives, and robes the heav'ns with light,  
The bees o'er hill and dale, from flow'r to flow'r,  
In grove and lawn the purple spring devour,  
Sip on the wing, and lightly brushing lave  
Their airy plumage in th' undimpled wave.  
Hence with unusual joy in fondling mood  
Cling to their nests, and rear their cherish'd brood,  
With wondrous art their waxen toil renew,  
And thicken, as they hive, the honied dew.  
Lo! from their cells when swarms through æther stream,  
And float at noon along the liquid beam,  
And on the breeze that rings beneath their flight  
Draw out in darkling clouds their airy height,  
Observe them as they wind aloft their way,  
Where groves o'ershade, and crystal fountains play:  
There strow each rifled herb that breathes of spring,  
There the bruis'd baum and honey-suckle fling;  
And tinklings raise, while echo rings around,  
And Cybele's tost cymbals shrilly sound.  
Soon shall they haunt the medicated seat,  
And to their inmost cells unseen retreat.

But if impending feuds the hive alarm,  
When doubtful kings the frantic nation arm,  
Tumultuous crowds the dread event prepare,  
And palpitating hearts that beat to war;

Martius ille æris fauci canor increpat, et vox  
Auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum.  
Tum trepidæ inter se coëunt, pennisque coruseant;  
Spiculaque exacuunt rostris, aptantque lacertos;  
Et circa regem atque ipsa ad prætoria densæ  
Miscentur, magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem.  
Ergo, ubi ver nactæ sudum camposque patentes,  
Erumpunt portis; concurritur; æthere in alto  
Fit sonitus; magnum mixtæ glomerantur in orbem,  
Præcipientesque cadunt: non densior aëre grando,  
Nec de concussâ tantùm pluit ilice glandis.  
Ipsi per medias acies, insignibus alis,  
Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant;  
Usque adeo obnixi non cedere, dum gravis, aut hos,  
Aut hos, versa fugâ victor dare terga subegit.  
Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

Verùm ubi duotores acie revocaveris ambo,  
Deterior qui visus, eum, ne prodigus obsit,  
Dede neci; melior vacuâ sine regnes in aulâ.  
Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens;  
Nam duo sunt genera: hic melior, insignis et ore,

Deep brazen peals the lingering crowds excite,  
And harsh the voice like trumpets hoarse in fight.  
Onward they troop, and, brandishing their wings,  
Fit their fierce claws, and point their poison'd stings;  
Throng to th' imperial tent, their king surround,  
Provoke the foe, and loud defiance sound.  
At length when spring expands th' unclouded day,  
Through opening portals bursts their wing'd array;  
Fierce clash the clust'ring orbs, air rings around,  
Prone from the conflict myriads strow the ground,  
Thick as tempestuous hail from summer show'rs,  
Or streaming acorns dash'd from oaken bow'rs.  
Amid the press of war, th' encount'ring kings,  
Mark'd by the pomp and spreading of their wings,  
While boundless souls their little bosom swell,  
To deeds of glory either host impel;  
Fiercely they fight, unknowing how to yield,  
Till force resistless drive them from the field.  
Yet at thy will these dreadful conflicts cease,  
Throw but a little dust, and all is peace.

But when the leaders at thy voice recede,  
Slay the weak rebel! bid th' usurper bleed!  
Slay, ere he waste the hive. Defend the throne,  
And let the rightful monarch reign alone.  
Doubt you the sov'reign? lo! his golden mail,  
His stately port, and brightly burnish'd scale;



Et rutilis clarus squamis : ille horridus alter  
Desidiâ, latamque trahens inglorius alvum.

Ut binæ regum facies, ita corpora plebis :  
Namque aliæ turpes horrent, ceu pulvere ab alto  
Quum venit, et sicco terram sput ore viator  
Aridus ; elucent aliæ, et fulgore coruscant,  
Arduentes auro, et paribus lita corpora guttis.  
Hæc potior soboles : hinc cœli tempore certo  
Dulcia mella premes ; nec tantum dulcia, quantum  
Et liquida, et durum bacchi domitura saporem.

At quum incerta volant cœloque examina ludunt,  
Contemnuntque favos, et frigida tecta relinquunt,  
Instabiles animos ludo prohibebis inani.  
Nec magnus prohibere labor : tu regibus alas  
Eripe : non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum  
Ire iter, aut castris audebit vellere signa.  
Invitent croceis halantes floribus horti ;  
Et custos furum atque avium, cum falce salignâ,  
Hellespontiaci servet tutela Priapi.  
Ipse, thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,  
Tecta seret latè circum, cui talia curæ ;  
Ipse labore manum duro terat ; ipse feraces  
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.

The vile usurper 'mid a kindred throng  
Scarce trails his loathsome breadth of paunch along.

Such as their kings, the two-fold nation view,  
These base, of aspect rough, and squalid hue,  
Like the tir'd wretch in summer's sultry day  
That spits with fiery lip the dust away :

These gaily shine, all-glorious to behold,  
Spangled with equal spots, and dropt with gold,  
Be these thy care : for thee their grateful toil  
Pours at due times the tributary spoil,  
Drains the pure comb, whose liquid sweets refine  
The grape austere, and tame the temper'd wine.

If wavering swarms in æther wildly roam,  
Scorn their cold cells, and quit th' unfinish'd comb,  
Check their vain sport, to peace the state restore,  
Pluck off their monarch's wings, the flight is o'er ;  
No rebel dares beyond the limits stray,  
Or pluck the standard from his tent away.  
Let gardens, breathing sweets, the bee invite  
To fix on saffron beds his bounded flight ;  
Priapus there with willow sickle drive  
The birds and plunderers from th' entrusted hive ;  
There bring the pine from rocky cliffs sublime,  
There plant with toil-worn hand the mountain thyme,  
Fruits, odoriferous shrubs, and fragrant flow'rs,  
And freshen, as they bloom, with frequent show'rs.

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Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum  
Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram,  
Forsitan et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi  
Ornaret canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti;  
Quoque modo potis gauderent intyba rivis,  
Et virides apio ripæ, tortusque per herbam  
Cresceret in ventrem cucumis; nec sera comantem  
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,  
Pallentesque ederas, et amantes littora myrtos.

Namque sub Cæbalis memini me turribus arcis,  
Quà niger humectat flaventia culta Galæsus,  
Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relioti  
Jugera ruris erant; nec fertilis illa juvencis,  
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda baccho.  
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus, albaque circum  
Lilia, verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,  
Regum æquabat opes animis; serâque revertens  
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.



Ah fav'rite scenes ! but now with gather'd sail  
I seek the shore, nor trust th' inviting gale ;  
Else had my song your charms at leisure trac'd,  
And all the garden's varied arts embrac'd ;  
Sung, twice each year, how Pæstan roses blow,  
How endive drinks the rill that purls below,  
How trailing gourds pursue their mazy way,  
Swell as they creep, and widen into day ;  
How verdant celery decks its humid bed,  
How late-blown flowrets round narcissus spread ;  
The lithe acanthus and the ivy hoar,  
And myrtle blooming on the sea-beat shore.

Yes, I remember, where Galæsus leads e  
His flood dark-winding through the golden meads,  
Where proud Œbalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain, e  
Once I beheld an old Corycian swain ;  
Lord of a little spot, by all disdain'd,  
Where never lab'ring yoke subsistence gain'd,  
Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,  
Nor Bacchus dar'd to trust th' ungrateful mead.  
He there with scanty herbs the bushes crown'd,  
And planted lilies, vervain, poppies round ;  
Nor envied kings, when late, at twilight close,  
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,  
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty stor'd,  
Th' unpurchas'd feasts that pil'd his varied board.

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Primus vere rosam, atque autumnos carpere poma;  
Et quum tristis hiems etiamnum frigore saxa  
Rumperet, et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,  
Ille comam mollis jam tondebat hyacinthi,  
Æstatem increpitans seram, zephyrosque morantes.  
Ergo apibus fetis idem atque examine multo  
Primus abundare, et spumantia cogere pressis  
Mella favis; illi tiliæ, atque uberrima pinus:  
Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbor  
Induerat, totidem autumnos matura tenebat.

Ille etiam seras in versum distulit ulmos,  
Eduramque pirum, et spinos jam pruna ferentes,  
Jamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbras.  
Verum hæc ipse equidem, spatiis exclusus iniquis,  
Prætereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.

Nunc age, naturas apibus quas Juppiter ipse  
Addidit expediam: pro quâ mercede, canoros  
Curetum sonitus crepitantiaque æra secutæ,  
Dictæo cœli regem pavere sub antro.

At spring-tide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose,  
 From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose ;  
 And e'en when winter split the rocks with cold,  
 And chain'd th' o'erhanging torrent as it roll'd,  
 His blooming hyacinths, ne'er known to fail,  
 Shed sweets unborrow'd of the vernal gale,  
 As 'mid their rifled beds he wound his way,  
 Chid the slow sun and zephyr's long delay.  
 Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd gave,  
 And press'd from richest combs the golden wave :  
 Limes round his haunts diffus'd a grateful shade,  
 And verdant pines with many a cone array'd ;  
 And every bud, that gem'd the vernal spray,  
 Swell'd into fruit beneath th' autumnal ray.  
 He lofty elms transpos'd in order plac'd,  
 Luxuriant pears at will his alleys grac'd,  
 And grafted thorns that blushing plums display'd,  
 And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts their shade.

Ah ! fav'rite scenes ! to other bards resign'd,  
 I leave your charms, and trace my task assign'd.

Now learn what added arts the race improve,  
 The meed of old conferr'd by grateful Jove ;  
 What time the bees, by clanging cymbals led,  
 In Cretan caves the nurseling Thunderer-fed.  
 They, they alone a common race supply,  
 And dwell in towns beneath the public eye,

Solæ communes natos, consortia tecta  
Urbis habent, magnisque agitant sub legibus ævum ;  
Et patriam solæ, et certos novere penates :  
Venturæque hiemis memores, æstate laborem  
Experiuntur, et in medium quæsitæ reponunt.  
Namque aliæ victu invigilant, et fœdere pacto  
Exercentur agris : pars intra sæpta domorum  
Narcissi lacrymam, et lentum de cortice gluten,  
Prima favis ponunt fundamina ; deinde tenaces  
Suspendunt ceras : aliæ, spem gentis, adultos  
Educunt fetus : aliæ purissima mella  
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas.  
Sunt quibus ad portas cecidit custodia sorti :  
Inque vicem speculantur aquas et nubila cœli ;  
Aut onera accipiunt venientum ; aut, agmine facto,  
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent.  
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.  
Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis  
Quum properant, alii taurinis follibus auras  
Accipiunt, redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt  
Æra lacu ; gemit impositis incudibus Ætna :



Love their known household, aid their country's cause,  
 Securely live beneath establish'd laws;  
 Prescient of winter, hoard the rifled spring,  
 And summer's tribute to the treasury bring.  
 Some, bound by compact, leave their native home,  
 And far and wide for daily nurture roam;  
 Form'd of thick gum and pale Narcissus' tear,  
 Some, in the hive, their new foundations rear;  
 These, train'd to work, the clinging wax suspend,  
 These to the race, the nation's hope, attend,  
 Condense pure honey, and insatiate swell  
 With liquid nectar each o'erflowing cell.  
 These, at the gate, their station'd vigils keep,  
 Mark where the clouds collect, the tempests sweep,  
 Unload the labourer, or, embattled, drive  
 The drone, dull sluggard, from the busy hive:  
 A nation toils, the work unwearied glows,  
 And, redolent of thyme, the honey flows.  
 As when the Cyclops', for the Almighty Sire,  
 Force from the stubborn mass the bolt of fire,  
 These slumb'ring flames with gather'd winds awake,  
 Those plunge the hissing bars beneath the lake;  
 Heav'd with vast strength their arms in order rise,  
 And blow to blow in measur'd chime replies;  
 While with firm tongs they turn the sparkling ore,  
 And Ætna's caves with labouring anvils roar.

Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt  
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.  
Non aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,  
Cecropias innatus apes amor urget habendi,  
Munere quamque suo. Grandævis oppida curæ,  
Et munire favos, et dædala fingere tecta.  
At fessæ multâ referunt se nocte minores,  
Crura thymo plenæ : pascuntur et arbuta passim,  
Et glaucas salices, casiamque, crocumque rubentem,  
Et pinguem tiliam, et ferrugineos hyacinthos.  
Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus unus.  
Manè ruunt portis ; nusquam mora : rursus easdem  
Vesper ubi e pastu tandem decedere campis  
Admonuit, tum tecta petunt, tum corpora curant ;  
Fit sonitus, mussantque oras et limina circum.  
Pòst, ubi jam thalamis se composuere, siletur  
In noctem, fessosque sopor suus occupat artus.  
Nec verò a stabulis pluvîâ impendente recedunt  
Longiùs, aut credunt cælo, adventantibus euris ;  
Sed circùm tutæ sub mœnibus urbis aquantur,  
Excursusque breves tentant ; et sæpè lapillos,  
Ut cymbæ instabiles fluctu jactante saburram,  
Tollunt ; his sese per inania nubila librant.

Not less (if, unprov'd, I rightly dare,  
 Things of low note with wondrous works compare)  
 The love of gain th' Hymettian swarm inspires,  
 Wakes every wish, and all their ardour fires.  
 To each his part; age claims th' entrusted care  
 To rear the palace, and the dome repair;  
 The young, returning home at dead of night,  
 Faint droop beneath the thyme that loads their flight.  
 Where'er a willow waves, or arbut grows,  
 Or casia scents the gale, or crocus glows,  
 Or hyacinth unfolds its purple hue,  
 Flow'r, shrub, and grove, for them their sweets renew.  
 Alike they labour, and alike repose;  
 Forth from their gates each morn the nation flows,  
 And when pale twilight, from the wasted mead,  
 Bids the tir'd race, o'ercharg'd with spoil, recede,  
 They seek their roof, their drooping frame revive,  
 And shake with ceaseless hum the crowded hive.  
 Deep calm succeeds, each laid within his cell,  
 Where sleep and peace without a murmur dwell.  
 If tempests low'r, or blust'ring Eurus sound,  
 Prescient they creep their city walls around,  
 Sip the pure rill that near their portal springs,  
 And bound their wary flight in narrower rings;  
 And with light pebbles, like a balanc'd boat,  
 Poiz'd, through the air on even pinions float.



Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem,  
Quòd nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpora segnes  
In venerem solvunt, aut fetus nixibus edunt:  
Verùm ipsæ e foliis nates et suavibus herbis  
Ore legunt; ipsæ regem parvosque quirites  
Sufficiunt; aulæque et cerea regna refingunt.  
Sæpè etiam duris errando in cotibus alas  
Attrivere, ultroque animam sub fasce dedere:  
Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis!  
Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus ævi  
Excipiat, neque enim plus septima ducitur æstas,  
At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos  
Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum.  
Præterea regem non sic Ægyptus, et ingens  
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaspes,  
Observant. Rege incolumi, mens omnibus una est:  
Amisso, rupere fidem; constructaque mella  
Diripere ipsæ, et crates solvère favorum.  
Ille operum custos; illum admirantur; et omnes  
Circumstant fremitu denso, stipantque frequentes;  
Et sæpè attollunt humeris, et corpora bello  
Objectant, pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem.

Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,  
That none indulge the joys of mutual love :  
None waste their strength by amorous toils subdu'd,  
No pangs of labour renovate the brood.  
By instinct led, at spring-tide's genial hour,  
They gather all the race from herb and flower ;  
Hence springs the people, hence th' imperial lord,  
Their domes and waxen kingdoms rise restor'd.  
And oft they roam where crags their feathers bruise,  
And oft their lives beneath the burden lose ;  
Such their fond zeal that every flower explores,  
And glorious strife to swell their golden stores.

Hence, tho' harsh fate, when sev'n fleet summers end,  
At once their labours and their lives suspend,  
The race and realm from age to age remain,  
And time but lengthens with new links the chain.  
Not Lydia's sons nor Parthia's peopled shore,  
Mede or Ægyptian thus their king adore.  
He lives, and pours through all th' accordant soul ;  
He dies, and by his death dissolves the whole :  
Rage and fierce war their wondrous fabric tear,  
Scatter their combs, and waste in wild despair.  
He guards their works, his look deep rev'rence draws ;  
Crowds swarm on crowds, and hum their loud applause,  
Bear 'mid the press of battle on their wing,  
And, proud to perish, die around their king.

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,  
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus  
Ætherios, dixere: deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum:  
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,  
Quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas;  
Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri  
Omnia: nec morti esse locum; sed viva volare  
Sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere cœlo.

Si quando sedem augustam servataque mella  
Thesauria relines; prius haustu sparsus aquarum  
Ore fove, fumosque manu prætende sequaces.  
Bis gravidos cogunt fetus, duo tempora messis:  
Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum  
Plias, et Oceani spretos pede repulit amnes;  
Aut eadem sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosi  
Tristior hibernas cœlo descendit in undas.  
Illis ira modum supra est, lætæque venenum  
Morsibus inspirant, et spicula cæca relinquunt  
Affixæ venis, animasque in vulnere ponunt.

Sin duram metues hiemem, parcesque futuro;  
Contusosque animos et res miserabere fractas;



Hence, to the bee some sages have assign'd  
 A portion of the God, and heavenly mind;  
 For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the whole,  
 Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul;  
 Each at its birth from him all beings share,  
 Both man and brute, the breath of vital air;  
 There all return, and, loos'd from earthly chain,  
 Fly whence they sprung, and rest in God again,  
 Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay,  
 Live 'mid the host of heaven, and star th' ethereal way.

But if thy search their sacred realm explore,  
 And from their treasures draw the honey'd store,  
 With spirted water damp their ready wing,  
 And veil'd in clouds of smoke elude the sting.  
 The golden harvest twice each year o'erflows,  
 Thou twice each year the plenteous cells uncloze,  
 Soon as fair Pleias, bright'ning into day,  
 Scorns with indignant foot the wat'ry way,  
 Or, when descending down th' aërial steep,  
 She pours her pale ray on the wintry deep.  
 The injur'd swarms with rage insatiate glow,  
 Barb every shaft and poison every blow,  
 Deem life itself to vengeance well resign'd,  
 Die on the wound, and leave their stings behind.

If wintry dearth thy prescient fears create,  
 Or rouse thy pity for their ruin'd state,

At suffire thymo, cerasque recidere inanes,  
 Quis dubitet? nam sæpè favos ignotus adedit  
 Stellio, et lucifugis congesta cubilia blattis,  
 Immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus,  
 Aut asper crabro imparibus se immiscuit armis,  
 Aut dirum tineæ genus, aut invisæ Minervæ  
 Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea casses,  
 Quò magis exhaustæ fuerint, hòc acriùs omnes  
 Incumbent generis lapsi sarcire ruinas,  
 Complebuntque foros, et floribus horrea textent.

Si verò, quoniam casus apibus quoque nostros  
 Vita tulit, tristi languebunt corpora morbo,  
 Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis:  
 Continuò est ægris alius color; horrida vultum  
 Deformat macies; tum corpora luce carentum  
 Exportant tectis, et tristia funera ducunt;  
 Aut illæ pedibus connexæ ad limina pendent;  
 Aut intus clausis cunctantur in ædibus omnes,  
 Ignavæque fame, et contracto frigore pigræ.  
 Tum sonus auditur gravior, tractimque susurrant:  
 Frigidus ut quondam silvis immurmurat auster,  
 Ut mare sollicitum stridit refluentibus undis,  
 Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis,

With thymy odours scent their smoking halls,  
 And pare th' unpeopled cells that load their walls.  
 There oft, unseen, dark newts insidious prey,  
 The beetle there that flies the light of day,  
 There feasts th' unbidden drone, there ring th' alarms  
 Of hornets battling with unequal arms,  
 Dire gnaws the moth, and o'er their portals spread  
 The spider watches her ærial thread.  
 Yet still, when most oppress'd, they mostly strive,  
 And tax their strength to renovate the hive;  
 Contending myriads urge exhaustless powers,  
 Fill every cell, and crowd the comb with flowers.

But (since dread ills both bees and man molest)  
 If e'er disease the languid hive infest,  
 Pale haggard looks th' undoubted sign display,  
 Their vigour wastes, and all their hues decay.  
 The dead are carried forth, and sad and slow  
 The long procession swells the pomp of woe;  
 Then lurk the sick within their dark retreat,  
 Or cling around the doors with pensile feet,  
 Their drooping pinions, weak with famine, close,  
 Or, shrunk with cold, their torpid limbs repose.  
 Then long-drawn hums wind on from cell to cell,  
 Like gales that murmur down the woodland dell,  
 Or ebbing waves that roll along the shore,  
 Or flames that in the furnace inly roar.



Hic jam galbanæos suadebo incendere odores,  
Mellaque arundineis inferre canalibus, ultro  
Hortantem, et fessas ad pabula nota vocantem.  
Proderit et tunsum gallæ admiscere saporem,  
Arentesque rosas, aut igni pingua multo  
Defruta, vel psythiâ passos de vite racemos,  
Cecropiumque thymum, et grave olentia centaurea.  
Est etiam flos in pratis, cui nomen amello  
Fecere agricolæ, facilis quærentibus herba,  
Namque uno ingentem tollit de cespite silvam,  
Aureus ipse, sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum  
Funduntur, violæ sublucet purpura nigra.  
Sæpè deûm nexis ornata torquibus aræ.  
Asper in ore sapor. Tonsis in vallibus illum  
Pastores et curvæ legunt prope flumina Mellæ.  
Hujus odorato radices incoque baccho,  
Pabulaque in foribus plenis appone canistris.  
Sed si quem proles subito defecerit omnis,  
Nec genus unde novæ stirpis revocetur habebit,  
Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magistri  
Pandere, quoque modo cæsis jam sæpè juvencis  
Insincerus apes tulerit cruor. Altiùs omnem

Then round the hive in many a smoky wreath,  
 Let burning galbanum rich incense breathe,  
 Through reedy channels pour the golden flood,  
 Lure their coy taste, and court with tempting food.  
 There the dried rose and pounded galls combine,  
 And centaury strong-breath'd, and sodden wine,  
 Grapes that long ripe on Psythian vineyards hung,  
 And thyme that on the breeze rich fragrance flung.  
 In fields there grows a flow'r of pastoral fame,  
 Amellus, so the shepherds call its name;  
 Sprung from one root, its stalks profusely spread,  
 A golden circle glitters on its head,  
 But many a leaf with purple violet crown'd  
 Throws a soft shade the yellow disk around.  
 Tho' rough to taste, yet wreath'd round many a shrine,  
 In rich festoons its golden blossoms shine,  
 And by meand'ring Mella's pastur'd plain  
 With radiant lustre tempt the shepherd swain.  
 Seeth in rich wine its roots, and, oft renew'd,  
 High pile before their gates th' alluring food.

But should the nation fail, none left alive  
 To rear the brood and renovate the hive;  
 Now shall my song, 't is now the time, explain  
 The great invention of th' Arcadian swain;  
 How art creates, and can at will restore  
 Swarms from the slaughter'd bull's corrupted gore.

Expeditam, primâ repetens ab origine, famam.  
Nam quâ Pellæi gens fortunata Canopi  
Accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum,  
Et circum pictis vehitur sua rura faselis,  
Quâque pharetratæ vicinia Persidis urget,  
Et viridem Ægyptum nigrâ fecundat arenâ,  
Et diversa ruens septem discurrit in ora  
Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis,  
Omnis in hâc certam regio jacet arte salutem.  
Exiguus primùm, atque ipsos contractus ad usus,  
Eligitur locus: hunc angustique imbrice tecti  
Parietibusque premunt arcis; et quatuor addunt,  
Quatuor a ventis obliquâ luce fenestras.  
Tum vitulus, bimâ curvans jam cornua fronte,  
Quæritur: huic geminæ nares et spiritus oris  
Multa reluctanti obsuitur, plagisque perempto  
Tunsa per integram solvuntur viscera pellem.  
Sic positum in clauso linqunt; et ramea costis  
Subjiciunt fragmenta, thymum, casiasque recentes,  
Hoc geritur, zephyris primùm impellentibus undas,



My song at large the legend shall embrace,  
And to its fountain-head the whole retrace.  
By bless'd Canopus, where th' exulting land  
Sees the vast flood of stagnate Nile expand,  
And a gay race in painted galleys glide  
Around their fields that laugh beneath the tide;  
And where the stream from India's swarthy sons  
Close on the verge of quiver'd Persia runs,  
Broods o'er green Egypt with dark wave of mud,  
And pours through many a mouth its branching flood:  
All the vast tenants of that boundless space  
Fix'd in this art their certain refuge place.  
First in a spot, for that sole use design'd,  
Prest with low roof, with streight'ning walls confin'd,  
Where from each wind that, fourfold, Heaven divides,  
Through adverse lights the day obliquely glides,  
They drag a bullock, on whose youthful brow  
His horns their crescent bend, and meditate the blow.  
In vain his struggling limbs their power oppose,  
While the strong hinds his mouth and nostrils close,  
And bruising, blow by blow, the mass within,  
Crush the burst entrails through th' unbroken skin.  
There leave immur'd, and o'er his carcase spread  
Boughs and fresh sweets that thyme and casia shed.  
Thus all prepar'd, when first young Zephyr laves  
His sportive pinions in the vernal waves,

Antè novis rubeant quàm prata coloribus, antè  
 Garrula quàm tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.  
 Interea teneris tepefactus in ossibus humor  
 Æstuat; et visenda modis animalia miris,  
 Trunca pedum primò, mox et stridentia pennis,  
 Miscentur, tenuemque magis magis aëra carpunt:  
 Donec, ut æstivis effusus nubibus imber,  
 Erupere; aut ut nervo pulsante sagittæ,  
 Prima leves incunt si quando proelia Parthi.

Quis deus hanc, Musæ, quis nobis extudit artem?  
 Unde nova ingressus hominum experientia cepit?

Pastor Aristæus, fugiens Peneïa Tempe,  
 Amissis, ut fama, apibus morboque famieque,  
 Tristis ad extremi sacrum caput adstitit amnis,  
 Multa querens, atque hac affatus voce parentem:  
 Mater, Cyrene mater, quæ gurgitis hujus  
 Ima tenes, quid me præclarâ stirpe deorum  
 (Si modò, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbræus Apollo)  
 Invisum fatis genuisti? aut quò tibi nostri  
 Pulsus amor? quid me cœlum sperare jubebas?

Ere flowrets blush on earth's enamell'd breast,  
 Or swallows twitter in their rafter'd nest.  
 Meanwhile the moisture with fermenting strife  
 Boils in the tender bones, and teems with life;  
 First on the sight, all wondrous to behold,  
 Forms without feet a shapeless growth unfold,  
 Anon the mingled swarms for flight prepare,  
 Buzz on the wing, and feel the buoyant air;  
 Till all at once the bursting myriads, tow'r,  
 Countless as drops from summer's streaming show'r,  
 Or arrows whizzing from the Parthian bow  
 When first the feather'd storm o'erclouds the foe.

Say, Muse, what God this art to mortals brought,  
 Or man matur'd by slow experience taught?

From Tempe's vale when Aristæus fled,  
 His swarms by long disease and famine dead,  
 At Peneus' fount he stood, and, bow'd with woe,  
 Breath'd his deep murmurs to the nymph below:  
 "Cyrene! thou, whom these fair springs revere,  
 "The sorrow of thy son, oh mother! hear.  
 "Why (such thy boast) if Heaven my lineage claim,  
 "And Phœbus grace me with a father's name,  
 "Why didst thou bring to light this baleful birth,  
 "Accurs'd of fate and fugitive on earth?  
 "Oh! whither fled thy fond maternal love,  
 "And hope that rais'd me to the realm of Jove?



En etiam hunc ipsum vitæ mortalis honorem,  
Quem mihi vix frugum et pecudum custodia solers  
Omnia tentanti extuderat, te matre, relinquo.  
Quin age, et ipsa manu felices erue silvas,  
Fer stabulis inimicum ignem, atque interfice messes,  
Ure sata, et validam in vites molire bipennem,  
Tanta meæ si te ceperunt tædia laudis.

At mater sonitum thalamo sub fluminis alti  
Sensit. Eam circum Milesia vellera Nymphæ  
Carpebant, hyali saturo fucata colore;  
Drymoque, Xanthoque, Ligeaque, Phyllodoceque,  
Cæsariem effusæ nitidam per candida colla;  
[Nesæe, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque;]  
Cydiippeque, et flava Lycorias, altera virgo,  
Altera tum primos Lucinæ experta labores;  
Clioque, et Beroë soror, Oceanitides ambæ,  
Ambæ auro, pictis incinctæ pellibus ambæ;  
Atque Ephyre, atque Opis, et Asia Deïopea;  
Et tandem positis velox Arethusa sagittis.  
Inter quas curam Clymenē narrabat inanem  
Vulcani, Martisque dolos et dulcīa furta,  
Aque chao densos divūm numerabat amores.

"E'en the frail honours of this earthly state,  
 "Scarce wrung by labour from reluctant fate,  
 "Vain boast of cultur'd fruit and tended kine,  
 "These, parent Goddess, I, thy son, resign.  
 "Haste, thou thyself, my prosperous woods uproot,  
 "Burn my full stalls, destroy my ripening fruit,  
 "Fell my rich vineyards, wrap my fields in flame,  
 "If thus thou loathe the praise that grac'd my name."

Deep in the chambers of the stream profound  
 Cyrene heard the melancholy sound,  
 While round the Goddess sat her sister train,  
 And wound Milesian wool of sea-green stain.  
 Phyllodoce, Thalia, Spio, join  
 The social choir, and common work combine;  
 Cymodoce, Ligea, Opis there  
 O'er their white bosom spread their golden hair;  
 There chaste Cydippe, there Lycorias came,  
 A virgin this, that own'd a mother's name;  
 There Clio, Beroe, both of ocean born,  
 Gold wreathes their limbs, and painted skins adorn;  
 There Deiopeia, and, her bow unstrung,  
 Fleet Arethuse repos'd the choir among.  
 Gay Clymene there sung, how vainly strove  
 The God of fire against the frauds of love;  
 How Mars and Venus mix'd the stoln embrace,  
 And all the wiles of Saturn's amorous race.

Carmine quo captæ dum fuis mollia pensa  
Devolvunt, iterum maternas impulit aures  
Luctus Aristæi, vitreisque sedilibus omnes  
Obstupuere : sed ante alias Arethusa sorores  
Prospiciens, summâ flavum caput extulit undâ.  
Et procul : O gemitu non frustra exterrita tanto,  
Cyrene soror, ipse tibi, tua maxima cura,  
Tristis Aristæus Penei genitoris ad undam  
Stat lacrymans, et te crudelem nomine dicit.  
Huic percussa novâ mentem formidine mater,  
Duc age, duc ad nos, fas illi limina divûm  
Tangere, ait. Simul alta jubet discedere latè  
Flumina, quâ juvenis gressus inferret : at illum  
Curvata in montis faciem circumstetit unda,  
Accepitque sinu vasto, misitque sub amnem.  
Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,  
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,  
Ibat ; et, ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,  
Omnia sub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ  
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,



While mute th' enchanted nymphs, with rosy head,  
 Hung o'er their work and reel'd the fleecy thread,  
 Cyrene heard again her offspring groan,  
 Each Nereid started on her glassy throne,  
 And Arethusa, foremost of the train,  
 Rais'd her fair face above the billowy main.  
 "Ah! not in vain," she cries, "that groan appals;  
 "Cyrene! thee, thy Aristæus calls,  
 "O'er kindred Peneus bends his drooping frame,  
 "And loads with cruelty a mother's name."

Wild with unusual fear Cyrene cried,  
 "Hither, oh hither, nymph! the mourner guide;  
 "He, unprov'd, amid these hallow'd bow'rs,  
 "May tread the mansions of immortal pow'rs."

She spoke, and wav'd on either side her hand;  
 At once on either side the waves expand;  
 Around him Ocean, like a mountain, stood,  
 Op'd its vast womb and arch'd th' enclosing flood.  
 Awe-struck he pass'd along her watery reign,  
 Through opening wonders of the mighty main,  
 Lakes in their caverns pent, and sounding woods,  
 And the wild uproar of unfathom'd floods,  
 Fierce streams that burst their subterraneous caves,  
 And dash'd afar the thunder of their waves.  
 'Mid the foundations of the world below,  
 Each in its source, he saw the rivers flow,

Et caput unde altus primùm se erumpit Enipeus,  
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluente,  
Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caicus,  
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu  
Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta  
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.  
Postquam est in thalami pendentia pumice tecta  
Perventum, et nati fletus cognovit inanes  
Cyrene, manibus líquidos dant ordine fontes  
Germanæ, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.  
Pars epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt  
Pocula; Panchæis adolescunt ignibus aræ.  
Et mater, Cape Mæonii carchesia bacchi,  
Oceano libemus, ait. Simul ipsa precatur  
Oceanumque patrem rerum, Nymphasque sorores,  
Centum quæ silvas, centum quæ flumina servant.  
Ter liquido ardentem perfudit nectare vestam;  
Ter flamma ad summum tecti subjecta reluxit.  
Omne quo firmans animum, sic incipit ipsa:  
Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates,  
Cæruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus æquor  
Et juncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.  
Hic nunc Emathiæ portus patriamque revisit

Phasis, and Lycus, and the unsunn'd head,  
 Whence bold Enipeus' bursting waters spread,  
 Whence Tiber fills his urn, whence Anio glides,  
 Whence rocky Hypanis' resounding tides,  
 Caïcus swift, and, awful to behold,  
 Grim-visag'd like a bull, with horns of gold,  
 Po, whose deep waters feed the fairest plain,  
 And, pour'd in torrents, swell th' empurpled main.

Now when Cyrene heard his fruitless woe,  
 Where fretted pumice arch'd the cave below,  
 Each to the youth the nymphs in order bring  
 The cleansing water from their native spring,  
 Pile the rich banquet, crown the cups with wine,  
 And with Panchean flames illumine the shrine.

"My son, these bowls, Mæonian vintage, take,

"To Ocean first the due libation make;

"Hail thou, primæval sire! hail, sister train!

"Who o'er a thousand woods and rivers reign!"

The hearth thrice flow'd with wine, and thrice the blaze  
 Smote the high roof that sparkled with the rays.

Th' auspicious omen fir'd Cyrene's breast,  
 And thus her joyful lip the youth address'd.

"Son, in Carpathia's gulf a seer resides,

"Proteus, who cleaves with finny steeds the tides;

"He now returning to th' Æmathian shores,

"Pallene's port, his native land, explores:



Pallenen : hunc et Nymphæ veneramur, et ipse  
Grandævus Nereus ; novit namque omnia vates,  
Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur.  
Quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cujus  
Armenta et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas.  
Hic tibi, nate, prius vinclis capiundus, ut omnem  
Expediat morbi causam eventusque secundet.  
Nam sine vi non ullâ dabit præcepta, neque illum  
Orando flectes : vim duram et vincula capto  
Tende ; doli circum hæc demum frangentur inanes.  
Ipsa ego te, medios quum sol accenderit æstus,  
Quum sitiunt herbæ, et pecori jam gratior umbra est,  
In secreta senis ducam, quò fessus ab undis  
Se recipit, facilè ut somno aggrediare jacentem.  
Verùm ubi correptum manibus vinclisque tenebis,  
Tum variæ eludent species atque ora ferarum :  
Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,  
Squamosusque draco, et fulvâ cervice læna ;  
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis  
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.

- “ Him not alone we sister nymphs revere,  
“ But hoary Nereus’ self adores the seer ;  
“ To him all nature and all times are known,  
“ All past, all present, and all future, shown.  
“ So Neptune wills ; whose herd, a monstrous train,  
“ Safe in his guidance feeds beneath the main.  
“ Him captive bind, and bid the God disclose  
“ What Fate first caus’d, and what shall sooth thy woes.  
“ Presents nor prayers can move his stubborn soul,  
“ Constraint must tame and violence control ;  
“ Alone he yields beneath the galling chain,  
“ And, captive, tries each wearied art in vain.  
“ When noontide flames and withering herbage fades,  
“ And cattle pant beneath o’erhanging shades,  
“ I, I myself thy step will safely guide,  
“ And ’mid his inmost cave in ambush hide ;  
“ There shalt thou seize him, a defenceless prey,  
“ And, bound in slumber, bid the God obey.  
“ Then shall the seer new forms at pleasure try,  
“ And with swift change elusive mock the eye :  
“ Now bristle like a boar his horrent crest,  
“ Now a fierce tiger spring upon thy breast,  
“ Or wreath in dragon folds his scaly train,  
“ Or like a lion shake his brindled mane :  
“ Now chang’d in crackling fire thy grasp betray,  
“ Or glide a wave in liquid lapse away.

Sed quantò ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,  
Tantò, nate, magis contende tenacia vincla;  
Donec talis erit mutato corpore qualem  
Videris incepto tegeret quum lumina somno.

Hæc ait, et liquidum ambrosiæ diffundit odorem,  
Quo totum nati corpus perduxit: at illi  
Dulcis compositis spiravit crinibus aura,  
Atque habilis membris venit vigor. Est specus ingens  
Exesi latere in montis, quò plurima vento  
Cogitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos,  
Deprensus olim statio tutissima nautis:  
Intus se vasti Proteus tegit objice saxi.  
Hic juvenem in latebris aversum a lumine Nympha  
Collocat: ipsa procul nebulis obscura resistit.  
Jam rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos  
Ardebat, cœlo et medium sol igneus orbem  
Hauserat; arebant herbæ, et cava flumina siccis  
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant;  
Quum Proteus consueta petens e fluctibus antra  
Ibat; eum vasti circum gens humida ponti  
Exsultans rorem latè dispersit amarum.  
Sternunt se sommo diversæ in littore phocæ.



"The more each monstrous form the seer believes,  
 "More closely fetter in each new disguise,  
 "Till the tir'd God, through every change pursu'd,  
 "Resume the shape he wore when first by sleep subdu'd."

She spoke, and all the air with fragrance fill'd,  
 And o'er her son ambrosial dew distill'd;  
 Wide from his wavy tresses fragrance flow'd,  
 And full in every limb the godhead glow'd.  
 Deep in the mountain spreads a spacious cave  
 By driving tempests worn with frequent wave,  
 Where oft enclos'd in many a winding bay,  
 Fled from the storm the shelter'd vessel lay:  
 Cool shadowy grot, the Prophet's old retreat,  
 Fenc'd by high rocks, and screen'd from noontide heat.  
 Cyrene there her son in darkness shrouds,  
 And stands at distance veil'd in mantling clouds.  
 On India's gasping plains now Sirius gaz'd,  
 And the noon sun 'mid heaven's red concave blaz'd,  
 Parch'd the dry grass, and shrunk beneath the ray  
 The streams slow working through their oozy way;  
 When Proteus drooping from the sultry wave,  
 Sought the cool haunt of his accustom'd cave.  
 His herd around in awkward gambols threw  
 Their shapeless forms, and dash'd the briny dew;  
 Then here and there, in many a scatter'd band,  
 Stretch'd their huge limbs, and slept along the strand.

Ipse, velut stabuli custos in montibus olim,  
Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit,  
Auditisque lupos acuunt balatibus agni,  
Considit scopulo medius, numerumque recenset.  
Cujus Aristæo quoniam est oblata facultas,  
Vix defessa senem passus componere membra,  
Cum clamore ruit magno, manicisque jacentem  
Occupat. Ille, suæ contrà non immemor artis,  
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,  
Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.  
Verùm ubi nulla fugam reperit pellacia, victus  
In sese redit, atque hominis tandem ore locutus:  
Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras  
Jussit adire domus? quidve hinc petis? inquit. At ille:  
Scis, Proteu, scis ipse; neque est te fallere quidquam:  
Sed tu desine velle; deùm præcepta secuti  
Venimus hinc lapsis quæsitum oracula rebus.  
Tantum effatus. Ad hæc vates vi denique multâ  
Ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco,  
Et, graviter frendens, sic fatis ora resolvit:  
Non te nullius exercent numinis iræ;  
Magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus  
Haud quaquam ob meritum pœnas, ni fata resistent,  
Suscitat, et raptâ graviter pro conjuge sævit.

He, as a mountain swain, when Hesper leads  
 His flock returning from the twilight meads,  
 And the rous'd wolf the far-heard bleat pursues,  
 Sits on the cliff, and all his charge reviews.  
 The time invites : while Proteus bends to rest,  
 The youth impatient springs upon his breast,  
 Binds with loud clamour, as he writhes in vain,  
 And closely fetters with triumphant chain.

Yet, not forgetful of his art, the God,  
 In wondrous change of monster, fire, and flood,  
 Strove to elude th' indissoluble yoke,  
 Then rose in human form, and sternly spoke.

"Rash youth ! what frenzy urg'd thy impious feet  
 "To rush unbidden on my lone retreat ?"

"Proteus, thou know'st, thou know'st," the youth  
 returns,

"None can deceive thy power that all discerns ;  
 "Cease the vain strife ; by Heaven's high mandate sway'd,  
 "I claim relief from thy prophetic aid."

He said, and, fill'd with fate, the struggling sire  
 Roll'd his green eyes that flash'd indignant fire ;  
 From his pale lip reluctant accents broke,  
 And his teeth clatter'd as the Godhead spoke.

"Great is thy guilt ; on thy devoted head  
 "Indignant gods no common vengeance shed ;  
 "Sad Orpheus, doom'd, without a crime, to mourn  
 "His ravish'd bride that never shall return ;



Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina præceps,  
 Immanem ante pedes hydrum moritura puella  
 Servantem ripas altâ non vidit in herbâ.  
 At chorus æqualis Dryadum clamore supremos  
 Implerunt montes : fierunt Rhodopeïæ arces,  
 Altaque Pangæa, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus,  
 Atque Getæ, atque Hebrus, et Actias Orithyia.  
 Ipse, cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,  
 Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,  
 Te, veniente die, te, decedente, canebat.  
 Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,  
 Et caligantem nigrâ formidine lucum,  
 Ingressus, Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,  
 Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.

At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis  
 Umbræ ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum ;  
 Quam multa in foliis avium se millia condunt,  
 Vesper ubi aut hibernus agit de montibus imber :

" Wild for her loss, calls down th' inflicted woes,  
 " And deadlier threatens, if no fate oppose.  
 " When urg'd by thee along the marshy bed,  
 " Th' unhappy nymph in frantic terror fled;  
 " She saw not, doom'd to die, across her way,  
 " Where, couch'd beneath the grass, the serpent lay.  
 " But ev'ry Dryad, their companion dead,  
 " O'er the high rocks their echo'd clamour spread,  
 " The Rhodopeian mounts with sorrow rung,  
 " Deep wailings burst Pangæa's cliffs among,  
 " Sad Orithyia, and the Getæ wept,  
 " And loud lament down plaintive Hebrus swept.  
 " He, lonely, on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,  
 " Sooth'd his sad love with melancholy tone:  
 " On thee, sweet bride! still dwelt th' undying lay,  
 " Thee first at dawn deplor'd, thee last at close of day.  
 " For thee he dar'd to pass the jaws of hell,  
 " And gates where death and darkness ever dwell,  
 " Trod with firm foot in horror's gloomy grove,  
 " Approach'd the throne of subterraneous Jove,  
 " Nor fear'd the manes and stern host below,  
 " And hearts that never felt for human woe.  
 " Drawn by his song from Erebus profound  
 " Shades and unbodied phantoms flock around,  
 " Countless as birds that fill the leafy bow'r  
 " Beneath pale eve, or winter's driving show'r.

Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ  
Magnanimûm heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,  
Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum;  
Quos circum limus niger, et deformis arundo  
Cocyti, tardâque palus inamabilis undâ  
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coërcet.  
Quin ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima leti  
Tartara, cæruleosque implexæ crinibus angues  
Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,  
Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.  
Jamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnes,  
Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,  
Ponè sequens, namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem,  
Quum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,  
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.  
Restitit, Eurydicenque suam jam luce sub ipsâ,  
Immemor, heu! victusque animi, respexit. Ibi omnis  
Effusus labor, atque immitis rupta tyranni  
Fœdera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.



- " Matrons and sires, and unaffianc'd maids,  
 " Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,  
 " Youths and pale infants laid upon the pyre,  
 " While their fond parents saw th' ascending fire:  
 " All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud  
 " Of slow Cocytus' unrejoicing flood,  
 " All whom the Stygian lake's dark confine bounds,  
 " And with nine circles maze in maze surrounds.  
 " On him, astonish'd Death and Tartarus gaz'd,  
 " Their viper hair the wond'ring Furies rais'd:  
 " Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half clos'd,  
 " And fix'd in air Ixion's wheel repos'd.  
 " Now ev'ry peril o'er, when Orpheus led  
 " His rescu'd prize in triumph from the dead,  
 " And the fair bride, so Proserpine enjoin'd,  
 " Press'd on his path, and follow'd close behind,  
 " In sweet oblivious trance of amorous thought  
 " The lover err'd, to sudden frenzy wrought:  
 " Ah! venial fault! if hell had ever known  
 " Mercy, or sense of suffering not its own.  
 " He stopp'd, and, ah! forgetful, weak of mind,  
 " Cast, as she reach'd the light, one look behind.  
 " There die his hopes, by love alone betray'd,  
 " He broke the law that hell's stern tyrant made;  
 " Thrice o'er the Stygian lake a hollow sound  
 " Portentous murmur'd from its depth profound.

Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?  
 Quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro  
 Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.  
 Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,  
 Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.  
 Dixit, et ex oculis subitò, ceu fumus in auras  
 Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa: neque illum  
 Prensantem nequidquam umbras, et multa volentem  
 Dicere, præterea vidit; nec portitor Orci  
 Ampliùs objectam passus transire paludem.  
 Quid faceret? quò se raptâ bis conjuge ferret?  
 Quo fletu Manes, quâ numina voce moveret?  
 Illa quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.

Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses  
 Rupe sub aëriâ, deserti ad Strymonis undam,  
 Flevisse, et gelidis hæc evolvisse sub antris,  
 Mulcentem tigres, et agentem carmine quercus.  
 Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ  
 Amissos queritur fetus, quos durus arator  
 Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa

- “ ‘ Alas ! what fates our hapless love divide,  
 “ ‘ What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride !  
 “ ‘ Again I sink ; a voice resistless calls,  
 “ ‘ Lo ! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls.  
 “ ‘ Now, now farewell ! involv’d in thickest night,  
 “ ‘ Borne far away, I vanish from thy sight,  
 “ ‘ And stretch towards thee, all hope for ever o’er,  
 “ ‘ These unavailing arms, ah ! thine no more.’—  
 “ She spoke, and from his gaze for ever fled,  
 “ Swift as dissolving smoke through æther spread,  
 “ Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove  
 “ To catch her shade, and pour the plaints of love.  
 “ Deaf to his pray’r no more stern Charon gave  
 “ To cross the Stygian lake’s forbidden wave.  
 “ What shall he do ? where, dead to hope, reside ?  
 “ ‘ Reft of all joy, and doubly lost his bride ;  
 “ ‘ What tears shall sooth th’ inexorable God ?  
 “ ‘ Pale swam her spirit to its last abode.  
 “ ‘ Ah ! many a month he wept in lofty caves  
 “ ‘ By frozen Strymon’s solitary waves ;  
 “ ‘ With melting melodies the beasts subdu’d,  
 “ ‘ And drew around his harp the list’ning wood.  
 “ ‘ Thus Philomel, beneath the poplar spray,  
 “ ‘ Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch’d away,  
 “ ‘ Whom some rough hind, that watch’d her fost’ring nest,  
 “ ‘ Tore yet unfledg’d from the maternal breast :



Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen  
Integrat, et mæstis latè loca questibus implet.  
Nulla Venus, non ulli animum flexere hymenæi.  
Solut Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaïmque nivalem  
Arvaque Rhipæis numquam viduata pruinis,  
Lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque irrita Ditis  
Dona querens. Sprete Ciconum quo munere matres,  
Inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi,  
Discerptum latos juvenem sparsere per agros.  
Tum quoque marmoreâ caput à cervice revulsum  
Gurgite quum medio portans Cæagrius Hebrus  
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,  
Ah miseram Eurydicen ! animâ fugiente, vocabat :  
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

Hæc Proteus : et se jactu dedit æquor in altum ;  
Quàque dedit, spumantem undam sub vortice torsit.

At non Cyrene ; namque ultro affata timentem :  
Nate, licet tristes animo deponere curas.  
Hæc omnis morbi causa : hinc miserabile Nymphæ,  
Cum quibus illa choros lucis agitabat in altis,  
Exitium misère apibus. Tu munera supplex

- " She, on the bough, all night her plaint pursues,  
 " Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.  
 " No earthly charms had pow'r his soul to move,  
 " No second hymeneal lur'd to love.  
 " 'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,  
 " 'Mid deserts hoary with Rhipæan snows,  
 " Lone roam'd the bard, his ravish'd bride deplor'd,  
 " And the vain gift of hell's relenting lord.  
 " Scorn'd of the youth, whom grief alone could charm,  
 " Rage and revenge the Thracian matrons arm ;  
 " 'Mid the dark orgies of their God, they tore  
 " His mangled limbs, and tost along the shore.  
 " Ah ! at that time while roll'd the floating head  
 " Torn from his neck, down Hebrus' craggy bed,  
 " His last, last voice, his tongue, now cold in death,  
 " Still nam'd Eurydice with parting breath ;  
 " ' Ah ! poor Eurydice ! ' his spirit sigh'd,  
 " And all the rocks Eurydice replied."—

Thus Proteus spoke, and with impetuous bound  
 Plung'd in the circling waves that foam'd around.

- Not thus Cyrene : " Son ! thy cares are o'er,  
 " Cease thy vain fears, and heave the sigh no more !  
 " Clear is the cause ; the nymphs that lov'd the maid,  
 " Their sportful partner in the woodland shade,  
 " Laid waste thy hive ; thou, bend with suppliant strain,  
 " Woo with rich gifts, and sooth to peace again ;

Tende petens pacem, et faciles venerare Napæas :  
Namque dabunt veniam votis, irasque remittent.  
Sed modus orandi qui sit, priùs ordine dicam.  
Quatuor eximios præstanti corpore tauros,  
Qui tibi nunc viridis depascunt summa Lycæi,  
Delige, et intactâ totidem cervice juvencas.  
Quatuor his aras alta ad delubra dearum  
Constituæ, et sacrum jugulis demitte cruorem,  
Corporaque ipsa boum frondoso desere luco.  
Pòst, ubi nona suos aurora ostenderit ortus,  
Inferias Orphei lethæa papavera mittes,  
Placatam Eurydicen vitulâ venerabere cæsâ,  
Et nigram mactabis ovem, lucumque revises.

Haud mora, continuò matris præcepta facessit :  
Ad delubra venit; monstratas excitat aras ;  
Quatuor eximios præstanti corpore tauros  
Ducit, et intactâ totidem cervice juvencas.  
Pòst, ubi nona suos aurora induxerat ortus,  
Inferias Orphei mittit, lucumque revisit.  
Hîc verò, subitum ac dictu mirabile monstrum !  
Adspiciunt liquefacta boum per viscera toto  
Stridere apes utero, et ruptis effervere costis,  
Immensasque trahi nubes, jamque arbore summâ  
Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis.



" Soon will th' indulgent Dryads cease their rage,  
 " And solemn rites their yielding souls assuage,  
 " Four beauteous bulls that on Lycæus feed,  
 " Four heifers choose that range unyok'd the mead;  
 " Before the nymph's high shrines four altars rear,  
 " And to each Goddess slay the votive steer;  
 " Then leave the victims weltering in their blood  
 " To waste unseen beneath th' umbrageous wood.  
 " On the ninth dawn to Orpheus poppies strow,  
 " And sooth with sable sheep his shade below;  
 " Be to his bride a votive heifer slain,  
 " Then seek, with hope reviv'd, the grove again."—  
 The youth obey'd her voice; the nymphs rever'd,  
 Before their shrines to each her altar rear'd;  
 Four beauteous bulls from green Lycæus drew,  
 Four unyok'd heifers on the altars slew,  
 With solemn offerings sooth'd th' Orphean shade,  
 And, the ninth dawn, explor'd th' umbrageous glade.

Oh, wondrous sight! amid the putrid flood,  
 Dissolving entrails and fermented blood,  
 From bursting hides with myriads darken'd o'er  
 Buzz the wing'd bees, and stream through every pore,  
 Trail in long clouds afar their lengthening flight,  
 On topmost trees in confluent crowds unite,  
 And from the bending boughs on high suspend  
 Swarms that like clust'ring grapes to earth descend.

Hæc super arborum cultu pecorumque canebam,  
Et super arboribus, Cæsar dum magnus ad altum  
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes  
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat olympto.  
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat  
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis otii;  
Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque juventâ,  
Tityre, te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi.

FINIS.

Thus sung the Muse, in unambitious strains,  
Of trees, of cattle, and of cultur'd plains;  
While mighty Cæsar, where Euphrates flows,  
Amid the battle, arm'd in thunder, glows,  
Victor o'er willing realms his laws extends,  
And from the world to opening heav'n ascends.  
I, VIRGIL, then, 'mid Naples' grateful bow'rs,  
In ease inglorious nurs'd my studious hours,  
I whose bold youth the pastoral strain essay'd,  
And sung thee, Tityrus, in the beechen shade.

THE END.





ERRATUM.

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